

# THE GRAPHIC

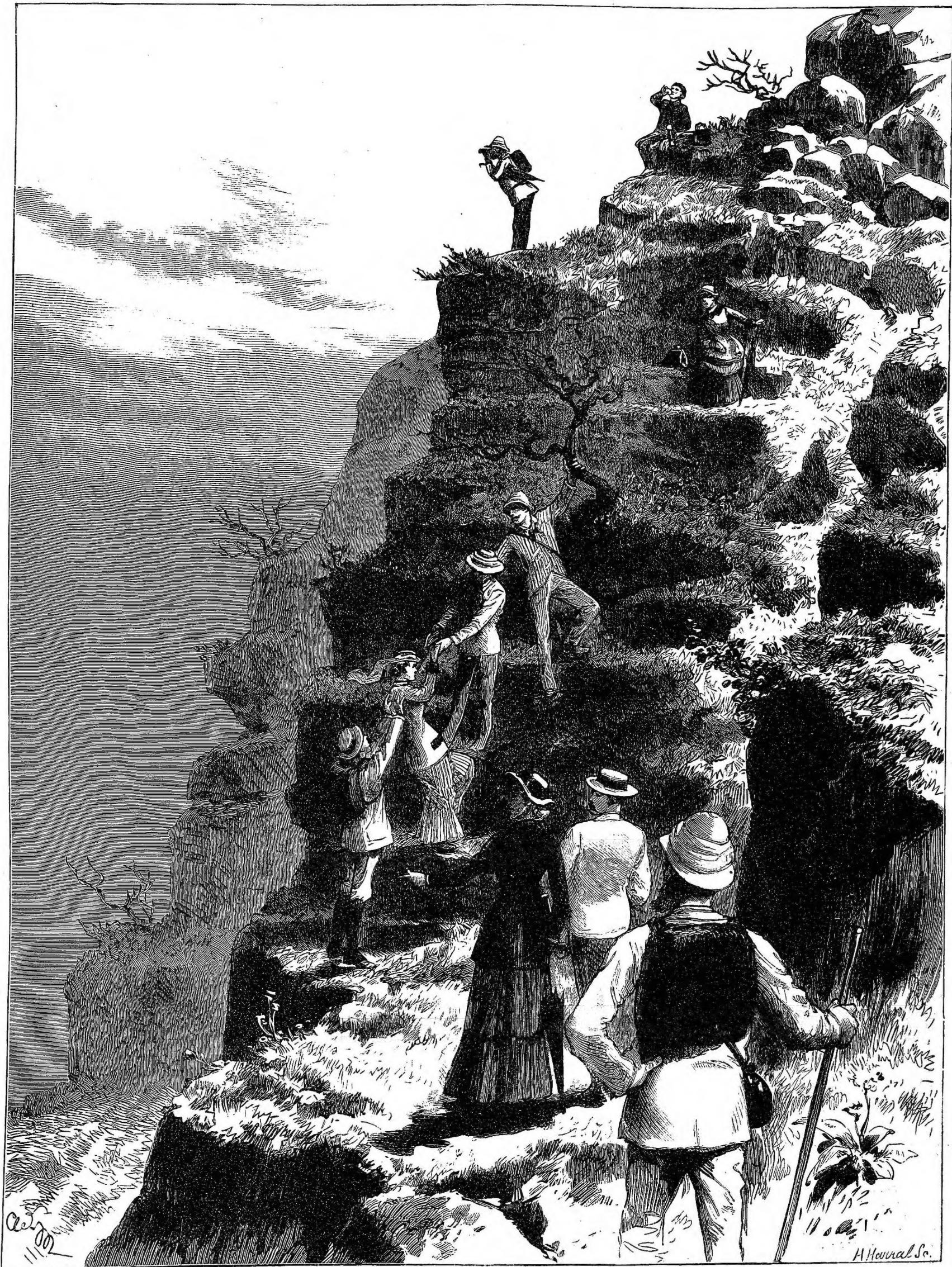
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1882

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SUPPLEMENT

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SOUTH AFRICA—AN ASCENT OF THE "LION'S HEAD," CAPE COLONY.



**THE COMING SESSION.**—The present Parliament is now in its golden prime. The third Session of a Parliament is averred to be its crucial epoch, its best opportunity for usefulness; if it does not do good work then it will do none during the rest of its career. One forecast, at any rate, may be made without rashness concerning the forthcoming Session: it is not likely to be tame and humdrum. Party passions are fiercer now than they were in the golden days of Lord Palmerston's reign, or in the period of quietude which followed the passage of the second Reform Bill. There are ardent Radicals bent on changes which a few years ago they themselves would have deemed hopeless of accomplishment. There are Whigs who have allowed themselves to take seats on the Radical car, but whose doleful faces show that they do not relish the Radical rate of speed. There are Tories whose bitterness at their expulsion from power is aggravated by the spectacle, from their point of view, of their successors' mismanagement. "Had we been in office," they say, "we should have managed infinitely better both at home and abroad." There is a compact Irish party, whose leaders are in prison, more bent than ever on severing the Union, and as ready as heretofore to enforce their demands by making themselves supremely troublesome. These are not precisely the ingredients for the formation of a Happy Family. And, by the way, there is a Fifth Party; a party named Bradlaugh, who is at present outside the House, but who will keep on knocking until he gets in. Then, supposing the Bradlaugh trouble out of the way, the Irish Irreconcileables have manufactured an Obstruction block of the first magnitude. They are going to move that the Government be censured for imprisoning Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, and as soon as that question has been discussed and decided upon, they propose bringing forward a similar motion concerning each of the other suspects, some five hundred in number. Carried out with proper spirit, this arrangement ought to stop all legislative and other business till the end of the century, and long before that John Bull in despair will have let the Irish Israel go. Seriously speaking, the practical result of this proposal, even if it never goes beyond the threatening stage, will be to make members vote for the changes in procedure advocated by the Government. These proposed changes, if the statement which has been put forth may be taken as authoritative, appear to be both reasonable and moderate. The real point is: Shall minorities (sometimes consisting only of a single member) be allowed any longer to tyrannise over the majority? That the majority will tyrannise in its turn is obvious, but then what is the use of a majority unless it possesses the power of tyrannising, that is, of having its own way? After this, supposing the Procedure question settled, there will be two big jobs on hand; the remodelling of County Government, and the Reform of the City Corporation. Both of these, from their vastness, are revolutionary measures, but because revolutionary they need not necessarily be mischievous. The former will bring to a close the gradually decaying reign of feudalism in rural districts; the latter will expand a picturesque if somewhat antiquated machine into a giant Power. Lastly there are a lot of remanets from last Session, Bills affecting such petty matters as our health and our pockets, but which nevertheless we humbly hope our legislators will find time to consider and pass.

**EGYPT AND THE WESTERN POWERS.**—The immediate effect produced by the joint Note of the English and French Governments on the affairs of Egypt has not been very favourable. The Porte has protested against it, and the Khedive has considered it necessary to explain that he did not ask for the protection of the Western Powers. The Notables, too, have continued to agitate as bitterly as before against foreign control. Still, there is good reason to hope that if England and France are really determined to maintain order in Egypt, their threat of active intervention will in the end accomplish its purpose. The only question of importance is whether the Note was mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing." So far as France is concerned, we may be sure that it was seriously intended. She has far-reaching commercial interests connected with the Suez Canal, and no French Government could retain its popularity if these interests were supposed to be neglected. It is natural, when we remember the Midlothian speeches, to doubt whether the English Government is equally resolute. But Mr. Gladstone promptly showed after his accession to office that he considered the duties of a responsible Minister very different from those of a stump orator, and all the evidence goes to indicate that the commercial interests of France are not likely to be more vigorously upheld than the far more important political interests of England. Most Englishmen, we suspect, regret that circumstances compel Great Britain to act in the matter with France; but it is not improbable that if present difficulties are overcome we shall by-and-bye find ourselves in a much more favourable position. The National party is evidently stronger than most observers have hitherto believed, and by associating ourselves with it so far as its ends are just, we may succeed in making Egypt virtually independent, with a powerful Government of its own. Order

would then be maintained without foreign help, and it would be for the benefit of the Egyptians themselves to provide us with an open route to India.

**INNOCENT CONVICTS.**—The English criminal law is usually supposed to be constructed on the sporting principle of treating the accused as if he were a fox, and giving him a certain amount of law. Undoubtedly, this leniency causes a number of guilty rogues to escape punishment. But, on the other hand, does it ensure the non-conviction of the innocent, which the law boasts to be one of its principal aims? Two unfortunate instances, which have lately occurred, prove that this immunity is not invariable, nor can we venture to assert positively that such cases are of very exceptional occurrence, since we only know of those which have been found out. When once an innocent prisoner has been convicted and consigned to gaol, the chances of his release, unless he has most untiring friends outside, are very slight. "Nearly all prisoners profess to be innocent," said Clowes, one of that unlucky pair of Staffordshire farmers, "and therefore none of them are believed." Nor, in either of the two recent cases, has the release been due to the exertions of friends. Habron, the young Irish labourer, would have been hanged for the murder of the Policeman Cock, but for his youth, and would have languished in gaol to the end of his days, but for the gleam of good feeling shown by that hardened villain Peace, who confessed that the homicide was of his own doing. And, in the case of Clowes and Johnson, they were exonerated by the dying confession of the (we trust) crazy wretch whose accusation consigned them to ignominy and misery. Her Majesty's "free pardon" cannot restore to these two poor farmers their two lost years, or take away the hardships they have undergone, but we hope they will be treated with the utmost generosity of which our rather stiff officialism is capable. And this miserable misadventure leads us more than ever to recommend that prisoners should be interrogated, either as a matter of course, or that they should at least have the option of submitting themselves to examination. "I wish," said poor Clowes, "we could first have been examined separately, so that our story might have been sifted to the bottom." The report of the surgeon who officially investigated the case also shows that the trial was not satisfactorily conducted as regards the production of evidence.

**PRINCE BISMARCK'S TROUBLES.**—For a considerable time the most important question in German politics has been, What will Prince Bismarck do for the conciliation of the Catholic party? Before the general election for the Reichstag he appeared to hope that a coalition of the working classes with the Conservatives would enable him to accomplish his social reforms even without Catholic aid. This notion was quickly dispelled; and he had then no alternative but to try whether the Clericals could not be persuaded to support him. There were, however, formidable difficulties in his way, for he had proclaimed so energetically that he would not "go to Canossa" that it was almost impossible for him to propose the repeal of the Falk Laws. The plan he has adopted is to demand that these Laws shall be substantially maintained, but that he shall have almost unlimited discretion in enforcing them. It is possible that his demand will be granted by the Prussian Parliament, although the Liberals are evidently preparing to resist it; but the Catholics would not be satisfied. What they ask is that the Falk Laws shall be annulled altogether. They admit that the Government in its present mood would exercise its powers mildly; but they insist that, since its present mood may not endure, it should be deprived of weapons with which it ought never to have been entrusted. It is uncertain whether, even if the Catholics acted with him, Prince Bismarck would have a majority for his economic schemes; but if they are in opposition, he will have no chance of success either in this or in a new Reichstag. Will he cut the knot by giving effect to his policy whether Parliament sanctions it or not? That is the question which now agitates the minds of German Liberals, who dare not, of course, give full public expression to their fears.

**TEACHING FRENCH.**—This is a matter in which there is room for much improvement, and it is to be hoped that the recent sittings of the Congress of French Professors at the Society of Arts will have a practical result in furnishing a more abundant and capable body of teachers, and in persuading the Civil Service and other examiners to test their candidates in modern and not in antiquated French. At present, even at our best schools, French teaching is rather shunted into a corner, and it will generally, if not invariably, be found that if a boy has a fair colloquial knowledge of French, he has learnt it, not at his English school, but in some French-speaking country. To teach colloquial French at schools with any hope of success, more teachers are needed, more time must be devoted to the study, and the boys must be persuaded (will they be persuaded?) like girls, to talk French in play-time. This plan, no doubt, gives rise to a good deal of dog-French, like "bon achete" for "good-bye," still, it breeds facility, and accustoms the ear to the sound of an alien tongue. But the practical question remains. Are the majority of parents so anxious that their sons should be skilful French speakers that they will authorise schoolmasters to give French a far more prominent place than at present among the school exercises? The majority of parents, we suspect, are content with a mild infusion of French grammar and composition during the school period. "Charley," says

mamma complacently, "will pick up the talking afterwards, when he goes on the Continent." As for the boys themselves, they take but slender interest in the acquisition of French, unless it forms the subject of some competitive examination. Of course, there are exceptions; we speak of the average. But how comes it that Germans are so proficient both in French and English? Well, the secret is that the knowledge of these languages is to a German a key to fortune. To an Englishman the benefit of a knowledge of one or more Continental languages is great, but not nearly so great, for the simple reason that, armed with English alone, he finds himself understood all over North America, India, Australia, and at many commercial towns and ports elsewhere. This is why the Englishman is under such a temptation to "remain an Englishman."

**AID FOR THE RUSSIAN JEWS.**—It was to be expected that a movement would be started in England for helping those unfortunate Jews who have lately been the victims of malice and fanaticism in Russia. We may hope that it will be liberally supported, for never did any cause appeal more directly to the humane sentiments of Englishmen. The Russian lady who signs herself "O. K." has protested against the notion that the Russians persecute the Jews because of their religion. Perhaps she is right; but that the despised race have been exposed to dreadful cruelty she does not deny; and to most people it will seem that the outrages are made, if possible, more hideous by the fact that they spring simply from envy and jealousy. It would be well if Englishmen not only subscribed for the relief of the suffering Jews, but devised some means of protesting openly and strongly against the apathy of the Russian authorities in suppressing these hateful excesses. The British Government could not intervene, probably; the attempt to do so might cause much more harm than good. But why should not those who spoke so decisively against the atrocities of the Bashibazouks have a word to say in public against the atrocities of the Russians? Jews have as strong a claim on our sympathy as Bulgarians; and a series of meetings in England setting forth the wrongs of those who have suffered, and are suffering, so bitterly would not be without effect in St. Petersburg. The truth seems to be that the classes who attend meetings of this kind are hampered by the recollection of the vehemence with which they supported Russia at the time of the Russo-Turkish War. They have praised her so often and so loudly as the champion of humanity and freedom that they do not like to turn round and charge her with frightful barbarity.

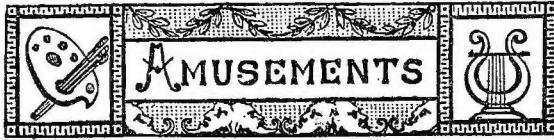
**A GOLD MINE.**—Some of the most instructive reading to be found in the newspapers is furnished by the law reports, and a judgment by Sir George Jessel is pretty sure to be racy and entertaining. These qualities are to be found in a case reported in Monday's *Times*, and which we earnestly commend to the perusal of all persons who incline to risk their money in mining companies. This mine, or supposed mine, was in New Zealand, and the Master of the Rolls very sensibly decided that a minority of the shareholders had in this case a right to demand that the company should be wound up, because the said company could prove no title to their alleged property. The pedigree of nominal ownership was as follows. The company paid one Hance 30,000*l.* for the land which he had bought for 16,000*l.* from a land company, who had bought it from one Eicke for 5,000*l.* Eicke's title consisted of a document from a Maori, who could neither read or write, and who simply granted a license to explore. On this treacherous substratum the company was built, and not unnaturally it now finds itself in Charon's ferry, for winding up is to a company what death is to an individual. With mere gamblers, who take shares simply hoping for a rise, we have no sympathy, but *bona fide* investors should, before parting with their cash, at least be at the pains to get genuine information about the company's alleged property. It is curious to note how keen and suspicious people often are in dealing with an individual, how soft and confiding with a company; yet in the one case they need only be on their guard against one possible fool or scoundrel; in the latter they may have to face a dozen.

**MR. BRADLAUGH AND THE GOVERNMENT.**—There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Bradlaugh intends to claim his seat immediately after the re-assembling of Parliament. According to one authority, Sir Stafford Northcote will propose that he be not allowed to take the oath, while the Government will move "the previous question." If this be a true account, it is much to be regretted that Mr. Gladstone has not decided to adopt a bolder and more straightforward course. It may be said that he refuses to grapple with the question directly, because that would involve the loss of much valuable time. But time will be lost in any case, and surely it would be better to spend it in an attempt to settle the difficulty satisfactorily than in a series of discussions which are likely to lead to new troubles. For our part, we do not see why the Conservatives and those Liberals who act with them in this matter should not allow Mr. Bradlaugh to take the oath if he chooses. It may or may not be dishonourable in him to go through a solemn form which he despises; but Parliament has often permitted the oath to be taken by men who were known to have as little faith in religious sanctions as Mr. Bradlaugh. Since, however, it is determined "to draw the line" at one who openly boasts of Atheism, it seems to be the plain duty of a Liberal Govern-

ment to have recourse to fresh legislation. If there be any truth in the fundamental principles of Liberalism, it cannot be right that a duly-elected member should be deprived of his seat because he happens to hold a particular set of opinions on theological subjects. That is admitted by the Government in theory, and if they had acted on it as soon as the question was raised they would have prevented a vast amount of disagreeable and unwholesome agitation.

"VERY DRY."—Mr. Squeers once sagely observed that "Natur" was a rum 'un," and it does certainly seem a strange arrangement that when Nature bids the barometer stand at "Very dry," the trees should be dripping with wet. The high pressure which obtained during the middle of the week has excited universal attention. One observer gives a reading of over thirty-one inches, and that at a considerable height above the sea-level. His reading is probably half an inch in excess of the reality. Still it is a fact that no such high figures have been recorded for more than fifty years. The accompanying fog and gloom, however, which most writers speak of as abnormal, is not so according to our experience—at least in London. For many years past we have noticed that if, during the winter months, the barometer rises much above thirty inches, the weather is almost invariably gloomy, generally foggy, and not unfrequently wet with a light north-east wind. Why this should be so puzzles us, and apparently puzzles the scientists also. One would suppose that the heavier the air, the more readily all vapours would mount upwards and escape. In the summer, on the contrary, a high barometer brings, as one would naturally expect, sunshiny, settled weather, and if we had had this "very dry" state of the atmosphere, which now comes as a delusion and a mockery, in August, farmers would have rejoiced, and the country would have been some millions of pounds the richer.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "TYPE OF BEAUTY, VII.", by Paul Baudry, from the picture recently exhibited in the Graphic Gallery.



**L**YCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—Every Night at half-past eight, James Albery's Comedy, TWO ROSES. Mr. Digby Grant, Mr. Irving; Our Mr. Jenkins, Mr. David James, Mr. Howe, Mr. Terriss, Mr. George Alexander; Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Helen Matthews, Mrs. Panceforth, Miss Everett. At half-past seven, THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH. Messrs. Terriss, Andrews, Carter; Miss Louisa Payne and Miss Helen Matthews. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 till 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

**SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE** (late ASTLEY'S), Westminster Bridge Road.—The great Circus Company. The Menagerie and gorgeous Pantomime, BLUE BEARD. The Spectacular Display of the Marriage Scene does by far eclipse any production ever previously submitted to the public, the Company and Auxiliaries numbering 800 people, 50 magnificent Horses, 50 of the Smallest and Handsomest Ponies to be found in any establishment, 100 of the Lilliputian Army, too Circassian Ladies, in the extravagant Oriental costume, 50 Savages, 50 Staff-Bearers in attendance on Bluebeard, Selina and his 250 followers, in gold and silver armour, too Ladies-in-Waiting upon Fatima in Costumes composed solely of jewels, producing an effect perfectly bewildering; 12 Camels and Dromedaries, and the Pure White Horses of the Sun. The Marriage Procession of Bluebeard, in which will appear 20 Elephants, Zebras, Bluebeard, Fatima, with their numerous attendants, seated in magnificent array upon the back of the Monster Elephant, "Ajax." There is nothing like it under the sun. PERFORMANCES DAILY, Two and Seven o'clock. Proprietors and Managers, J. and G. SANGER.

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Doors open at 7.30; Opera at 8.

Subscriptions for the Season received by, and seats for any performance may be obtained from, the principal Librarians, and the Box Office of the Theatre, from Ten till Five daily.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.**—The EXHIBITION OF WORKS by the OLD MASTERS and DECEASED MASTERS of the BRITISH SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN. Admittance from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., 1s. Catalogue 6d., or bound in cloth with pencil, 1s. Season Ticket, 5s. At Dusk the Galleries are lighted by the ELECTRIC LIGHT.

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### AN ASCENT OF THE LION'S HEAD, CAPE TOWN

EVERY one who takes the slightest interest in South Africa has heard of Table Mountain, that flat-topped eminence down whose steep side the cloud of fleecy vapour or "table-cloth" rolls, and whose summit cuts the sky with a perfectly straight and level line. But besides this table-like top, the mass commonly called Table Mountain has two other culminating points, which are shaped more after the ordinary fashion of mountains. One of these, the Devil's Peak, "is uncompromising enough," says Lady Barker, "for any one's taste, while the Lion's Head charms the eye by its bluff form and deep purple fissures." It is so called from its resemblance to the head of a lion couchant, but, indeed, to the more imaginative colonists, an entire lion is visible, stretched along the shores of Table Bay, a rounded eminence being styled his Rump, while the tail is indicated in the long low verdant headland called Green Point. The Lion's Head is about 2,200 feet high. It commands a splendid view, distant objects standing out with wonderful distinctness in the clear atmosphere. The ascent, under proper guidance, is not very difficult, although a few accidents have occasionally happened.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Dennis Edwards, of the Commercial Bank, Cape Town.

**MR. O'DONOVAN EATING HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER IN A TURKISH PRISON**

MR. O'DONOVAN, the Central Asian correspondent of the *Daily News*, was arrested at Constantinople on the 28th ult. for using the following words in a public *café*:—"In the name of the Turkish nation we have been robbed to support the licentious extravagance of the Palace and its crowd of Pashas, sycophants, and hangers-on. The Turks themselves have been plundered, and the money scattered to the winds. The Sultan is not ashamed to see himself guarded by a horde of the tattered ragamuffins he styles his army.

while he himself and his Pashas wallow in unearned luxury. Every nation has the Government it deserves, and Turkey, by its past and present, well merits the nightmare Government of a Robber Sultan. Not a thought is ever given to the undeserved sufferings of many an English family, reduced from comfort and even opulence to penury and want—the sufferers are Giaours, the swindlers of the race of Othman, and true believers." On this a rush was made at the speaker by some Turkish officers, a struggle ensued, and failing to eject him from the room, they called in the assistance of several Zapties, and he was lodged in Galata Serai gaol. He was subsequently sentenced to six months' imprisonment for insulting the Sultan and the Turkish nation. He had to eat his Christmas dinner in the room depicted in the sketch, being joined at the feast by a friend. By paying a lira (18s.) a day he was allowed to be in the room of the better class of convicts or those awaiting trial. In the ceiling may be noted a hole made by a prisoner who once tried to escape. The room is lit by a solitary lamp and one candle, placed on the stool which answered for a dinner-table. In the course of dinner Mr. O'Donovan remarked that he was accustomed to eat his dinner in durance vile, though never in such a vile place as the present. One Christmas Day he spent inside a Boulogne prison, accused of conspiring against the Emperor, and another in a Prussian fort as a prisoner of war, having been taken at Orleans while serving in the Foreign Legion; when corresponding in Spain for the *Daily News* also, he was arrested at Christmas time as a Carlist spy by the Republicans and nearly shot; while during his recent journey to Merv he was arrested by the Persian authorities and confined on the frontier. Mr. O'Donovan was not detained long, however, at Constantinople, as on Christmas night he was released, and placed on board the *Morocco*, in which he sailed for Liverpool.—We are indebted for the sketch and the foregoing particulars to the Hon. Major J. Colborne, Pera.

**TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE—XVII.**

**THE PRAIRIE AND THE "ROCKIES"**

"An Indian Mother."—Once beyond Calgary we had a series of lovely camping-grounds, for the most part on the banks, or, more properly, on the beds, of rivers running from the "Rockies," as the Rocky Mountain range is familiarly called.

The prairie always ended suddenly, and our wagons would descend by those shelving "benches," as they are called, on to the level of the river bed. In places the banks would be precipitous, and hang sheer over the river. Much alluvial soil had been carried down, and the river wound about amongst islands covered with grass, willow scrub, choke cherry—with fruit ripe, black ripe—and cotton-wood trees, whose leaves are tinted at the fall chrome and cadmium yellow. But where no soil was left the bottom was of the whitest pebbles, and over them and past them the water rushed as clear as crystal. It was almost purple with the reflected blue sky, and the white pebbles blazed in the sun. Such delicious trout in that clear water! Macgregor, De Winton, and Percival used to catch them, and we used to eat them. The sketch is a bit on the Old Man River (beastly name!) at our first halt after leaving Battleford, not far from the place where Lord Lorne's wheeler was whirled off his feet, and the cool's wagon upset. A tall poplar stood by the water's edge. Its silver-grey bark led the eye down from the golden leaves to the white pebbles, where bunches of grey prairie sage and purple wild rose sprouted.

The incident I saw at Battleford on the same river. A mother had to ford it with her whole family.

This she did one at a time on her pony—tucking her feet up behind to save her moccassins.

The papooses, already landed, wrapped themselves in their rags of blankets, and waited squatting for the youngest born. Prickly pear, by the bye, is not a nice thing to squat upon.

"Abandoned."—On August 19th, at the first halt we had to abandon a roan horse

pleted. Monsignor Howard visited Goa, and travelled through a great part of Southern India, discharging the duties entrusted to him with much tact and discretion. On his return to Rome, Pius IX. showed his appreciation of his services by creating him one of the Prelates of the Vatican.

On the demise of Cardinal Altieri, who died of cholera, in Albano, in 1867, the office of Archpriest of St. Peter's became vacant, and was conferred upon Cardinal Mattei, who appointed Monsignor Howard to be his Vicar. He continued to hold this post until he was created a Cardinal. In 1872 he was appointed Suffragan or Auxiliar to Cardinal Clarelli, Bishop of Frascati, and was consecrated Archbishop of Neo-Cessaria *in partibus infidelium*, on the 30th of June, 1872. The ceremony was performed in St. Peter's. Cardinal Clarelli died on the 7th of the following July and it was supposed, by many persons who were ignorant of the traditional rules of the Sacred College, that Archbishop Howard would have been appointed to succeed him as Cardinal and Bishop of Frascati. But in the Consistory of July 29th, in the same year, 1872, Cardinal Guidi "opted" or "opted" for Frascati; and Archbishop Howard's connection with that see, which had lasted for only a few weeks, altogether ceased.

Monsignor Howard, however, was not without occupation. Rome always finds plenty of work for capable and willing hands. As Spiritual Director or Confessor of the Students of the English College, as Archpriest's Vicar in St. Peter's, and as "Consultor" of the Special Congregation of the Propaganda for the Affairs of the Oriental Rite, Monsignor Howard had many and laborious duties, all of which he performed earnestly and conscientiously. He had devoted himself with remarkable success to the study of languages, especially the Oriental, and for this reason probably had been chosen by Pius IX. for the Mission to India, the chief labour of that Mission falling upon him as the Secretary; and in the Oriental Department of the Propaganda, where he had as fellow "consultors" Monsignors Franchi, Simeoni, and Bartolini, with Ludovico Jacobini as Secretary to the Congregation, he had full opportunity of exercising his special talents. All of those Monsignors just mentioned became Cardinals, and three of them became Secretaries of State. To the labours of that Oriental Congregation, which was instituted by Pius IX. for the special direction of Oriental ecclesiastical affairs, may be attributed the remarkable success in the Church affairs of

the East which marked the later years of the Pontificate of Pius IX., and which has been more fully developed under Leo XIII.

Even before 1872 Monsignor Howard had been considered a likely person for early, and a certain one for eventual, promotion to the purple. It was known that he was a personal favourite with Pius IX., who always took an interest in ecclesiastics of high birth, and had special affection for English Roman Catholics. His character was unblemished; he had from the first held aloof from all intrigues and entanglements. By this judicious conduct he acquired esteem and respect. In the Consistory of March 12th, 1877, Pius IX. fulfilled the general expectation, and created and published Edward Henry Howard a Cardinal of the Order of Priests, assigning him for his title the Church of SS. John and Paul, on the Cœlian Hill.

Cardinal Howard, as a Roman Cardinal, has his full share of work in the "Congregations," to five of which, including the very important Congregations of the Propaganda, the Propaganda Special for the Oriental Rite, and the Index, he was appointed. Among the highest posts which can be conferred on distinguished Cardinals are the three offices of Archpriest in the three great basilicas, namely, St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, and St. Mary Major. When the most honourable and the most lucrative of the three offices became vacant by the unexpected death of Cardinal Borromeo, it was given to Cardinal Howard. The selection was most acceptable to the Vatican chapter and clergy as well as to the public. The Canons receive back their former colleague as their official head, and those who frequent the Vatican services and functions know that the ecclesiastical ceremonies will lose nothing of their proper dignity and splendour in consequence of the presence and supervision of Cardinal Howard.

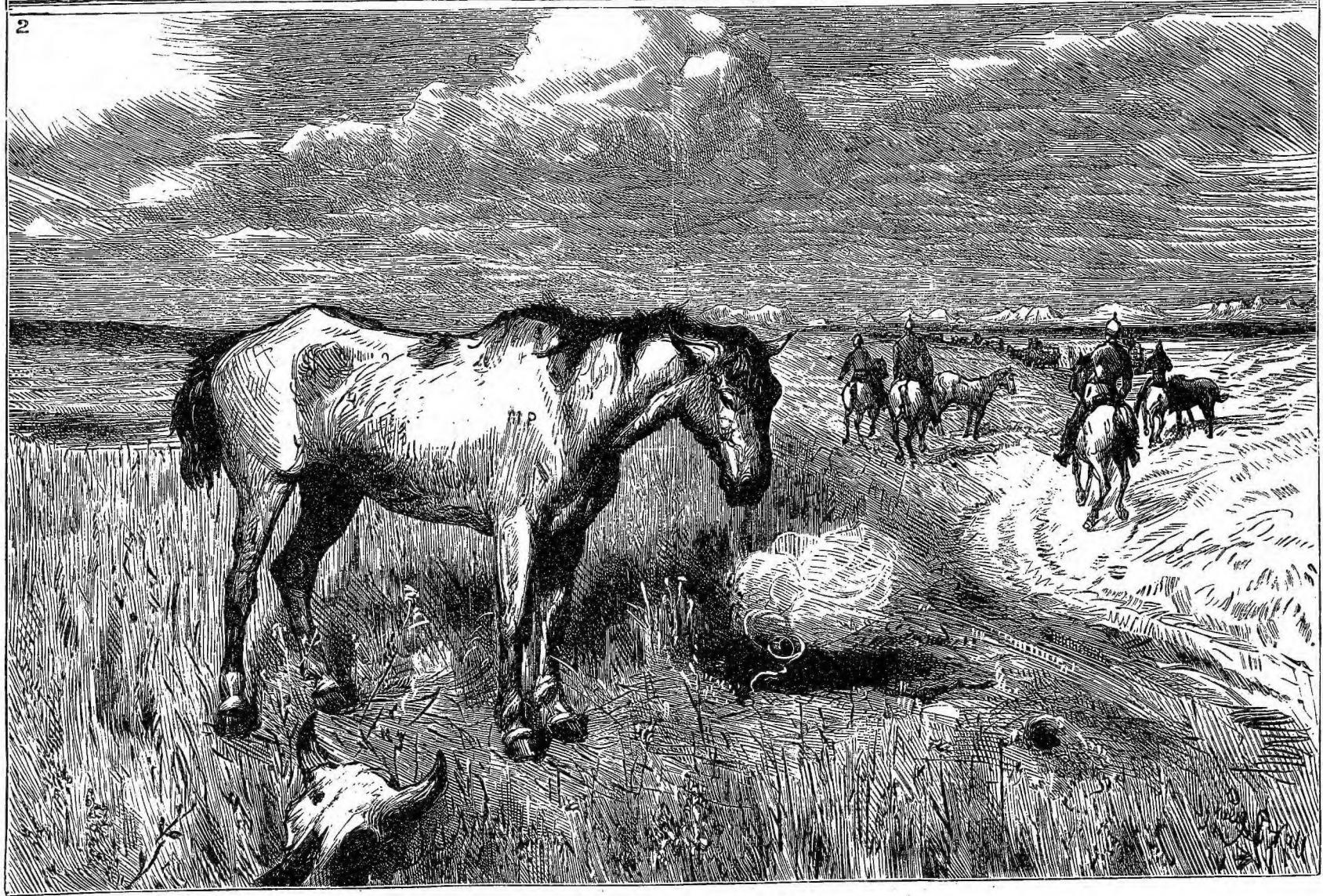
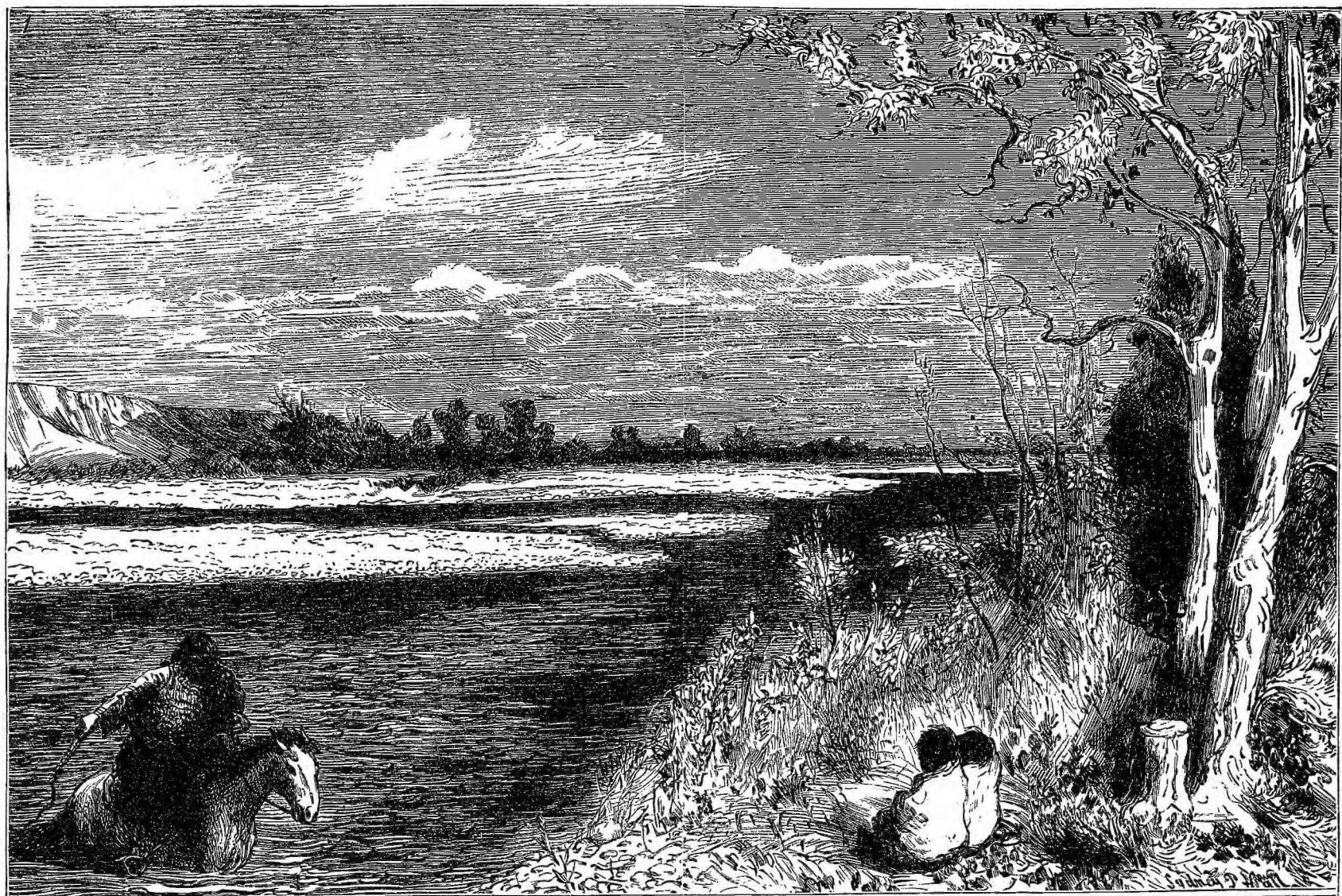
The present Archpriest is not the first Englishman nor the first Howard who has been connected with the Chapter of St. Peter's. Henry Stuart, the Cardinal of York, presided over the Chapter as Archpriest from 1751 to 1807. And the Rev. Richard Howard, brother to Thomas, the eighth Duke of Norfolk, and to Edward, the ninth Duke, was a Canon of St. Peter's, and, dying in Rome in 1722, was buried in the customary burial-place of the Canons. He was but thirty-five years old at his death, and his brother Henry, the Bishop Elect of Utica *in partibus* and designated Vicar Apostolic in London, died, aged thirty-six years, in 1720.—Our portrait is from a photograph by L. Suscipj, 48, Via Condotti, Rome.



CARDINAL HOWARD  
THE NEW ARCH-PRIEST OF ST. PETER'S, ROME



A CHRISTMAS DINNER IN A TURKISH PRISON  
MR. O'DONOVAN, THE "DAILY NEWS" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, IN GAOL AT CONSTANTINOPLE



1. An Indian Mother.—2. Abandoned.

TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, XVII.—THE PRAIRIE AND "THE ROCKIES"  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

## "ROUND THE YULE LOG"

THESE engravings are from a volume of Norwegian fairy tales, collected by P. C. Asbjörnsen, and very idiomatically translated by Mr. H. L. Brækstad, a fellow-countryman of the author's, but who has for some years been resident in this country. The book is published by Messrs. S. Low and Co.

In Norway, as everywhere else, the march of improvement (?) is rapidly driving away ghosts, legends, folk-lore, and fairy tales. Mr. Asbjörnsen is seventy years old, and therefore belongs to the vanishing generation; yet he was not a bit too soon when, as a young man, with the present Bishop Moe, he indefatigably wandered about getting from the lips of minstrels, boatmen, "household paupers," and others the tales here set down in print, and which were already ceasing to be reproduced orally.

There is, of course, a strong family likeness between many of these legends and those of other Indo-Germanic countries, indicating our common Aryan origin; nevertheless they have a vivid local colour of their own, savouring of the rugged mountains, the dark forests, and the deep fjords of Norway.

Like all other similar collections, the stories are of unequal interest, but some of them are very fascinating to children of all ages and sizes. We say "of all ages," for the man or woman is to be pitied who has lost all zest for these preternatural tales.

We shall here only tell enough just to explain the meaning of the several engravings. 1. The female servants hearing a terrible clatter one night in the kitchen, peeped in, and found the "brownie" standing on the kitchen table, and pitching all the crockery on to the floor. None of it, however, was broken. 2. Is a Norse version of Henny Penny, and tells how a pancake, running away from the hungry family who were about to eat it, is finally, after escaping many perils, accidentally swallowed by a pig, whose portrait is here given. 3. Is a bold billy-goat who transfixes with his horns a malicious "troll." 4. Shows us a tailor in a haunted mill beset by a legion of goblin pussy-cats. 5. Is a scene from a story on the well-worn theme of three brothers, the youngest of whom alone proves worthy. Here is an unfortunate old lady who for a hundred years has had her nose jammed in this block of wood, and yet the elder brother only heartlessly laughs at her. 6. Is the story of a bullying parson who on the road will make way for nobody, and thereby gets into trouble with the king. 7 and 8. Are scenes from the adventures of a little girl who travels with a white bear who is really an enchanted prince. In the second we see her riding on the back of the North Wind.

## "MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 57.

## "THE LONG, LONG INDIAN DAY"

THESE engravings are tolerably self-explanatory, but we may observe that the titles underneath are taken from a poem which is, we understand, very popular among young military men in India, and which is called "The Long, Long Indian Day." Its poetical merits are not considerable, and it probably owes its popularity chiefly to the uncompromising spirit of disgust and discontent with India by which it is pervaded. But this growling is, we suspect, to some extent, affected, neither the civil nor the military services can really be unpopular, or there would not be such a host of candidates for them, while the rigours (can we apply the word to *heat*?) of the climate have been greatly mitigated by the accessibility (thanks to steam) of England and the Hills. We quote one stanza as a specimen:—

Breakfast from nine till one,  
Sleep, till the setting sun  
Warns that the day is done,  
Then to the Band we run,  
And scandal talk with beauties tawny;  
The mess again at loo  
Till half-past one or two,  
Meanwhile a "peg" or two and brandy pawnee.

The scene of these engravings is laid in Bombay, and Mr. E. R. Penrose, Lieutenant, King's Own, to whom we are indebted for the sketches, says, concerning the Parsee in his buggy: "The rich Parsees in Bombay drive very smart traps with fast-trotting Arabs, and every evening they line the shores of the Bay to get the sea-breeze."

## A CRUISE IN THE "LANCASHIRE WITCH," III.

See page 59.

## TYPE OF BEAUTY—VII.

THE Female Head engraved as our extra supplement this week is from the picture by M. Paul Baudry, and forms the first of the series of types of feminine beauty which were painted by six well-known French artists for the proprietors of *The Graphic*. These were exhibited in the Graphic Gallery side by side with the idealistic beauties painted by British artists who had executed a similar commission, and the two collections afforded an opportunity for contrasting not only the different ideas of beauty entertained by the two nations, but also the varied styles of treatment by their respective schools of painters. Englishmen visiting the Paris Salon after our Royal Academy are usually struck with the great difference in taste shown by the various figure artists in their portrayal of female beauty. As a rule—for of course there are exceptions—the Gallic ideal is less simple than the British, and the heads of "blushing sixteen" and "sweet seventeen" are either replaced by more florid and Rubens-like damsels whose beauty is sought to be heightened by the aid of carefully-studied costumes and accessories, or by pale, refined, and almost painéd-expression faces, such as might satisfy an aesthete of the most advanced school. That indescribable charm about a young girl just budding into womanhood which both English poets, as well as English artists, so love to depict, is not realised in France. Immured in a convent or a school, or kept back practically in the nursery, young girls are not permitted the freedom which they possess in England, and are generally looked upon as mere school hoydens until they marry. Consequently they are by no means encircled with the halo of romance which is necessary to inspire an artist with his ideal. This in France is reserved for the maturer members of the fairer sex. Thus is the Art of a country governed in a great measure by its customs. "It is a fine picture, but the young lady would be reckoned no beauty here," wrote a Madrid publisher to us respecting one of the English series, and it is manifest that not only every eye forms its own ideal, but that every nation forms its own especial conception of beauty. M. Baudry's picture is appropriately entitled "Parisina," for his model may be regarded as an essential type of a Parisienne, lithé and slim in figure, and with a pleasing pathos in her dark eyes, whose varied glances are capable of wreaking terrible mischief amongst her Parisian admirers. Capricious, frivolous, and laughter-loving as she may appear in the piping times of peace, she can be stern and determined in the hour of need, as the siege of Paris plainly evidenced. Indeed, one of the chief features of that sad epoch was the wonderfully patient endurance of Parisian women of all classes under every species of trial and hardship.

## THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL

THE inaugural ceremony of the New University College, Liverpool, took place on Saturday, in the small concert-room of St. George's Hall, in the presence of a large and influential gathering. Lord Derby, who presided, reminded his hearers that the institution

was a purely educational one—neutral in politics and unsectarian as to religion. It had had the support of all parties, and the fund raised amounted to more than 100,000/. Six chairs for Professorships had been founded with an endowment of 10,000/- each, and a temporary building having been obtained, they would begin work that day, fully equipped, though not clear of debt, which, however, he confidently hoped they soon would be. "We live in changing times," remarked his lordship, "but Democracy appreciates education, especially science; and, whatever happens, I think the scientific foundation is pretty safe not to be disengaged." Professor Rendall, the Principal of the College, then delivered the inaugural address, in which he said that for primary education in England efficient provision had been made; of secondary and higher education the supply was sparse and capricious; while academic training remained the monopoly of the privileged and the wealthy. Unless the middle class looked to it they would shortly find their children starting in the race of life less well equipped for the inevitable struggle than those who in wealth and social standing have occupied a lower place. That Liverpool had built so well in education was no reason why it should fail to crown the uncompleted edifice, and a university training was rightly regarded as the coping-stone of a Liberal education. From the curriculum of the college only one study was excluded. The presence of that clause upon the statute-book must be regarded as a matter of sorrowful necessity. A theological endowment would be a source of weakness, not of strength. But neutrality did not mean animosity. Should the Diocese of Liverpool see fit to erect schools for Holy Orders the right hand of fellowship would assuredly be held out, and such schools might become as it were a hostel to the college, finding there their needs of secular training anticipated and supplied.

## OUR GREAT FOOTBALL MATCH

THESE engravings depict a game played under the Rugby rules. "We, 'The Pelicans Football Club,' drive down to play a friendly game with a village team, 'The Phantoms,' from whom we meet with a most hearty reception, and put up at the village inn, which we find to-day to be the centre of attraction for the juvenile population. The match is considered quite an event in the quiet village life, and to the younger generation it is a regular red-letter day.

"In battle array we walk to the field, when we find the inhabitants turned out in goodly numbers to witness the sport. The various incidents of the game are shown in the sketches, and at the conclusion we are hailed as Victors, and return to town in high spirits, elated with victory, and all agreeing that we had 'had a rattlin' good day' in enjoyment of the good old game."

Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. J. Stewart Browne, of Manchester.

IRELAND UNDER THE "NO RENT" POLICY.—With reference to the engravings which we published last week under the above title, Mr. Robert B. Templar, land agent to the Loughgall estate, Co. Armagh, informs us that it was not McCormack's dwelling-house, but his cattle-shed, which was burnt down, that he had not, as alleged, paid his rent, but that he is an excellent tenant, and will doubtless do so at the usual time. Mr. Templar adds that there is no suspicion in the neighbourhood that the occurrence was due to Land Leagueism. In reply our artist states that the sketch in question was executed in accordance with the details of a report which appeared in the Dublin daily papers of the 29th and 30th December, and that no contradiction of this report having been made in those papers, the inference naturally was that the statements in question were correct.



POLITICAL ITEMS.—On the eve of the meeting of Parliament Lord Salisbury will entertain the Conservative Peers; and Mr. W. H. Smith has issued invitations for the 4th prox., "to meet at dinner Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury." This arrangement of names is held to be a sign that Sir Stafford is henceforth to be regarded as the acknowledged leader of the Party. Sir Stafford Northcote has issued a "whip" to the members of the Opposition, begging their attendance in the House on the 7th. Various rumours are afloat as to the intentions of the Home Rulers. One is that each member will be prepared with some thirty or forty "questions;" another that separate motions will be made for the release of each of the 400 or 500 suspects now in confinement. There is also the Bradlaugh difficulty, it being announced that Sir Stafford Northcote intends to move that hon. member be not allowed to take the oath, so that altogether the opening of the Session promises to be of a very lively character. The Standard of Wednesday contained a draft-list of the principal changes which it is proposed to make in the Rules of the House.

THE NORTH RIDING ELECTION.—The nomination for this district, where there has been no contest since 1868, took place on Wednesday, and the polling is fixed for Tuesday next. The candidates are Mr. Dawney (C), brother of Lord Downe, and Mr. Rowland Rowlandson, a tenant farmer and proprietor.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RENT AUDIT DINNER was held at Hawarden on Thursday last week. The Premier was present, and in addressing his tenantry told them not to look to Protection for any improvement in their condition. The question of "rents" would, he thought, find its own level through the law of supply and demand, and as soon as the difficulty with regard to Parliamentary procedure was satisfactorily settled, he knew of nothing to stand between them and the questions of local government, local expenditure, and local taxation. Among the guests was an uninvited stranger, who handed Mr. Gladstone a letter, introducing himself as "Mr. Devil, from Hell," and offering to supply him with "brimstone." He is now being taken care of as a lunatic.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—In relation to this subject no news is certainly good news, and we may therefore congratulate ourselves this week upon the fewness and brevity of the reports from the Sister Isle. The chief item of interest is the meeting of Armagh tenant-farmers, held at Armagh on Monday, under the presidency of the Rev. Jackson Smith, Moderator of the General Assembly. The landlords' meeting at Dublin was denounced as a challenge to the tenants; and resolutions were passed expressing surprise, indignation, and alarm at the movement commenced by the landlords; complaining that the Land Commissioners had disregarded the Healy clause of the Land Act; denouncing the intrusive interference of the Lord Mayor of London; and calling upon the Government to amend the Land Act, so that reductions of rent decreed should take effect from the date of the originating notice, instead of the next gale day. Similar resolutions were also adopted at a meeting of Ulster tenant farmers at St. Johnston, Co. Derry. The Ladies' Land Leagues continue to hold meetings in defiance of the police. At Drumcolloher four lady leaders have been sent to prison for a month in default of finding bail to be of good behaviour. The Archbishop of Tuam having been informed that Mr. Brown, late M.P. for the county, had taken proceedings for the recovery of arrears against any tenants who brought him into the Land Court, has written a letter, saying that in such a case the only thing to be done is to solicit public aid and invoke public opinion. "What

persecution greater can there be than that you complain of in the case of poor people avail themselves, as all should, of the beneficial provisions of the Land Act? . . . Exposure in the Dublin Courts of Law of such criminal conduct would do much to prevent a repetition of such scenes, and remove the great blot of the Land Act in regard to arrears. I should gladly subscribe to any fund got up to prosecute the case to the end."—Outrages seem almost to have ceased, though not entirely. The report that the bodies of the missing bailiffs, who are supposed to have been murdered, had been found chained together in Lough Mask, has been positively contradicted. A few days ago a placard was posted at the gate of the Marquis of Drogheda's place in County Kildare, offering a reward of 1,000/- for his head and 100/- for that of his agent.—The improved behaviour of juries has been the subject of hopeful comment during the week. At the Cork Assizes on Tuesday Mr. Justice Fitzgerald said he had not to disapprove of a single verdict returned during its sitting. He had received a letter from a juror calling his attention to something alleged to have been said about them by a priest in Limerick, but as the language complained of was used at an excited public meeting, he recommended that no notice should be taken of it.

THE EXPLOSION ON BOARD H.M.S. "TRIUMPH," which occurred in November last, killing two men, and wounding several others, was, it seems, at once reported to the Admiralty authorities, who, for some unexplained reason, thought proper to make a secret of it until now. The extremely dangerous nature of *xerotine siccative* (a kind of paint dryers) is now fully established, and orders have been sent to all ships in commission to get rid of it at once. So far well, but how comes it that its explosive properties were not known earlier, or, if known, how was it that the deadly stuff was stored so close to the magazine? The incident throws a new light on the cause of the *Doterel* disaster, three of the survivors declaring that *xerotine siccative* (the true nature of which they now learn for the first time) was also stored on that vessel near the fore magazine.

JEW BAITING IN RUSSIA has been made the subject of an appeal by Lord Shaftesbury to the people of Great Britain to make a moral and religious protest on behalf of justice and humanity, and thus show the whole world that the Christianity of this country is a very different thing from the so-called Christianity of Russia and of some parts of Germany. The Bishop of Oxford has also written a striking letter retracting the favourable view which he once took of Russia, as maintaining civil order, and not making war on women and children. He agrees that this is a case for as plain a protest as English people can make before the civilised world.

THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK.—Lord O'Hagan, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was on Tuesday invested by the Lord Lieutenant as a Knight of St. Patrick. The ceremony took place at the Viceregal Lodge, Phoenix Park. The death of Lord Lurgan, which took place at Brighton on Sunday, creates another vacancy in the Order of St. Patrick. The deceased peer was fifty years old, and had been suffering from paralysis for the past seven years.

LADY STUDENTS AT THE LONDON UNIVERSITY are henceforth to be admitted to Convocation. This decision was arrived at on Tuesday, when also Dr. G. Buchanan, Mr. S. Newth, and Dr. R. Barnes were nominated for selection by Her Majesty of one of the number as a Fellow of the University.

SIR DANIEL MACNEE, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, died in Edinburgh on Tuesday at the age of seventy-five. We published a portrait and memoir of him on his election to the Presidency, Feb. 26, 1876.

THE FORESTERS.—The Executive Council of the Ancient Order of Foresters, acting upon the decision of the High Court meeting at Northampton, has expelled from the Order fourteen districts, comprising sixty Courts and 8,315 members, in consequence of their failure to register under the Friendly Societies' Act as legal branches of the Order.

A PUBLICANS' CUSTOMERS' CENSUS was taken last Saturday at Bristol. Between seven and eleven o'clock P.M. 54,074 men, 36,803 women, and 13,415 children entered the public-houses of the city, giving a total of 104,292 out of a population of 210,000.

THE Echo has now a Conservative rival on the London daily Press, for the halfpenny *Evening News*, which, up to the present time, has been ultra-Radical, has just changed politics and editors. For the future it will be conducted by Mr. Charles Williams, formerly of the *Standard*, one of the oldest and most experienced of London journalists.

RAILWAY STOWAWAYS.—"A Traveller," writing to the *Standard*, says that recently two lads were found lurking beneath the seat of a railway carriage in which he and his wife and niece had been riding, and suggests that the companies' officers ought to make such an occurrence impossible. The complaint seems to us extremely frivolous. The companies are certainly not anxious to carry passengers gratis, but a thorough search of each train before starting would cause needless delay and trouble.

ANOTHER FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION took place at Crosskeys, near Newport, Monmouth, on Sunday. It is believed to have arisen from the firing of a "shot" shortly after the men on the night shift had left the pit; and the four men who went down to arrange the explosive were all killed, their bodies not being recovered until Tuesday.

FATAL AND DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.—On Tuesday Messrs. Kempster and Corbett, the manager and assistant-manager of a chemist's establishment in Southampton Row, lost their lives in a fire which broke out in the basement of the premises while they were asleep on the top floor. It is supposed that they were suffocated by the rising fumes of the heated chemicals below.—On the same day two children died of suffocation from the smoke of a fire which broke out in the absence of their parents, and which was soon subdued.—At Glasgow two great fires have occurred, doing damage to the extent of 50,000/-.



MR. HERMAN MERIVALE'S new play, *The Cynic*, at the GLOBE Theatre, is described by the author as "the shadow of an old legend in modern life," by which we are to understand that it is an attempt to furnish a parallel to the story of "Faustus," in which the various personages shall, in their attributes and relations, approach as nearly to the people of that story as every-day folk in these times are capable of doing. Whether the author is under the impression that the "old legend" includes a Margaret who enters into dangerous relations with a gay and gallant Faust, and is more or less ineffectually protected by a soldier brother and an excitable widow lady, we do not know; though it seems improbable. But, as a fact, the "old legend" that he has followed is not the mediæval story of the Wittenberg scholar, but simply Goethe's "Faust." The power of mere names is curiously exemplified in the manner in which this odd sort of experiment has been received. If Mr. Merivale had described his play as an attempt to degrade and vulgarise the theme of Goethe's immortal tragedy, and to show us how trivial, dull, and poor a thing it might be made to seem under the irreverent hands of

a modern playwright, he would doubtless have been sharply reminded of the obligations of literary propriety. Yet, though this is really all that can honestly be said of it, no one, as far as we are aware, has made objection to anything except the tediousness of the piece and the lack of interest in its characters and their proceedings. Mr. Merivale's equivalent for Mephistopheles is a commonplace adventurer, who affects to pose in the fashion of Goethe's fiend, tweaks out his moustache after the style of Ketzsch's once popular outline sketches, and lives in apartments whereof the walls are covered with Mephistophelian crimson and black. For the rest, he is a poor, mean-spirited creature, whose thoughts and energies are chiefly directed to spiting a gentleman in India by bringing about a flirtation between his wife and a quondam lover of hers in England. That the "shadow" of the legend—that is, of Goethe's poem—may be further apparent, his tool for this purpose is a widow lady, who is the trusted friend and confidant of his victim, and who undertakes—not innocently and imprudently, but wilfully and directly—to aid and abet in bringing these twain together at a picnic. The repulsiveness of all this is not diminished by the fact that the compact arises out of a bet made by the widow lady with this meanly diabolical tempter, by the terms of which she is to receive back a compromising packet of letters at the price of 10,000/. in the event of her victim proving false to her marriage vows under the temptations so elaborately prepared for her. The Mephistopheles of this painfully prosaic version of the tale is, we need hardly say, without any supernatural power, a circumstance which makes it additionally hard to understand why everybody about him is so tolerant of his pert and obtrusive manners, and above all of his frequent habit of delivering a tedious succession of cynical commonplaces. In like manner Mr. Merivale's counterpart of Faust is no aged scholar miraculously endowed with youth and beauty, but a feeble minded gentleman, who, having been jilted by a lady, gives way to eight or ten years of imbecile dejection, and then allows a stranger of unprepossessing manners to order him to shave, and prepare himself for the part of a lady-killer. With a Mephistopheles, a Faust, and a Martha thus shorn of their dignity, a Margaret who talks slang, backbites her absent husband, and flings herself at the first opportunity into the arms of the imbecile whom she had long before thrown over for the sake of a more eligible match, and a Valentine who is able to frighten the fiend into abject submission by threatening to send for the police, it is difficult to see what more could have been done to bring the "old legend" into contempt. The play is not badly acted. Mr. Hermann Vezin contrives, at least, to look like a mysterious personage, and his manner is impressive enough to save the character from falling into the depths of burlesque. Miss Litton is, we need hardly say, a pretty and a pleasing heroine, who does her best to make us forget the vulgarities which she is compelled to utter. Mr. Arthur Dacre, on the other hand, can do little, clever actor though he is, to render acceptable the lackadaisical, vacillating creature who it seems was originally called by the author the "modern Faust." Among the less prominent characters, represented by Mr. David Fisher, senior, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. H. Hamilton, Mr. Philip Beck, Mr. Gardiner, and other performers, are one or two who, under happier conditions, might have been capable of affording amusement. The comedy, which is in four acts, is put upon the stage with a degree of care and expense deserving of a more worthy purpose.

Mr. Irving's hint that the proposed new School of Dramatic Art should originate in the efforts of patrons of the drama, rather than of actors and actresses, has apparently been taken. The preliminary prospectus just issued presents a powerful committee, consisting of forty or fifty distinguished noblemen, artists, and men of letters. A sub-committee of ladies equally distinguished has also been formed, and most of the leading actors and actresses of the day figure in the list of those who have given a cordial assent to the scheme, and promised their co-operation. It is proposed to raise a sum of 6,000/, which it is considered will suffice for carrying on the experiment for four years.

The task of forming two distinct companies to perform *The Squire* in the country has been entrusted by Messrs. Hare and Kendal to Mr. Edgar Bruce. This will not interfere with the customary summer tour of the St. James's company to the chief provincial cities, which are specially excepted from Mr. Bruce's arrangements.

Novelist's rights are, thanks to the French law, better recognised by playwrights in France than in England. Thus, the manager of the Gymnase, having to wait for a train at a railway station last summer, bought a copy of Olivet's story, "Serge Panine," read it, was struck by its dramatic qualities, and immediately wrote to the author, asking him to dramatise the work. The result is a play by M. Olivet, which has been brought out at the Gymnase with what promises to be one of the most brilliant successes of the year. We need hardly say that in this case no controversy, voluminous or otherwise, has arisen regarding the question whether the play is founded on the novel.

Mr. Thorne has recruited a powerful company for the forthcoming revival of *The School for Scandal* at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre. Mr. W. Farren will appear as Sir Peter Teazle, Miss Ada Cavendish as Lady Teazle, Mr. Henry Neville as Charles Surface, Mr. Archer as Joseph Surface, Mr. Lin Rayne as Sir Benjamin Backbite, and Mr. Thorne as Crabtree.

"A Crushed Pittite" requests us to call attention to the fact that at the SAVOY Theatre there are two pit doors at right angles to each other, that when these doors open simultaneously two opposing currents meet, and that a great deal of unpleasant and dangerous pushing and squeezing takes place, which is aggravated by there being only one pay-place, and that on the left hand, which is the most awkward side.

The following item comes *à propos* in connexion with the foregoing paragraph. Mr. Wallack's new theatre, shortly to be reopened in New York, will present a peculiarity well worthy of imitation on both sides of the Atlantic. Every seat will be numbered chair, not excepting the gallery, where there will be 450 such numbered places. There seems really no reason why even the humblest visitor to the theatre should be compelled to "make tail," as Frenchmen say, and after a weary waiting at the doors to do battle for a seat. If all seats were thus secured tickets might be sold at an adjacent office. There would then be no necessity for opening the doors till a few minutes before the rising of the curtain.

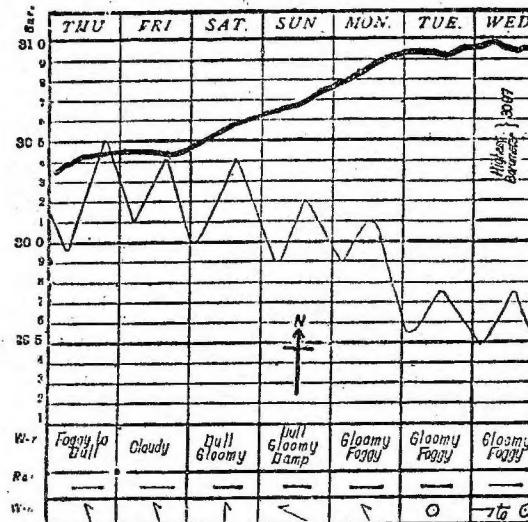
At SANGER'S Grand National Amphitheatre the pantomime of *Blue Beard* shows no signs of waning popularity. The marriage procession alone repays a visit, for here are real elephants, real camels, white "horses of the sun," and fifty of the very smallest of ponies. Then Blue Beard himself is the real terrible Bashaw of the story-books, and his sable attendants, Coffee and Chicory, the most mirth-provoking of savages. Selim, the lover, still sings sweetly, and twice every day rescues and marries the beautiful Fatima. But the baby policeman is the greatest favourite of all.

THE RYDE ART TREASURES EXHIBITION has proved so successful that the collection is to be kept open until the 4th prox., instead of being closed last Saturday, as originally intended. A somewhat similar exhibition is to be opened at Lewes on the 13th prox., to which the South Kensington authorities have promised to contribute. There will be some interesting Nelson relics, including the chair in which Lord Nelson died, and Sir F. Leighton is to be applied to for the loan of the Chantrey Bequest collection. Another Art item is the announcement of the forthcoming Exhibition of Paintings in the Galleries of the Albert Hall, which will open in May. This Exhibition is to be annual.

**FIRE AND THEIR PREVENTION.**—Captain Shaw's annual reports on the work of the London Fire Brigade always contain plenty of food for reflection, and that for the past year which has just been issued is doubly interesting in consequence of being published at a time when the subject of fires and the preventing and checking them is attracting so much public attention. The London fires of 1881 were 1,991, an increase of 120 on the previous year. In 29 of these human life was actually lost, and in 107 it was seriously endangered, whilst in 167 the damage done to property was serious, and in 1,824 slight. These figures are exclusive of mere chimney-fires, 2,909 of which are reported in a separate clause. Captain Shaw's gallant little army of 536 officers and men all told, with their equipment of 38 steam fire engines, 115 manual engines, 137 fire escapes, and 3 floating steam fire engines, are certainly not open to the charge of idleness or lack of zeal. Besides turning out to a very large number of false alarms, they attended all the fires above enumerated, saving an incalculable amount of valuable property, and rescuing from a horrible death no fewer than 114 persons. Constantly exposed to danger of the most fearful kind, the whole of the staff have behaved with wonderful devotion and bravery, and seven men, who have been specially commended for saving life, have already received medals, or will get them at the next presentation. It is not very surprising to learn that the fire alarm circuits, recently established, have proved exceedingly useful, and their number will doubtless be increased, although occasionally false alarms are given through them. In no fewer than 45 instances the water could not be got at, because the turncocks either came late or not at all. Surely the Water Companies ought not to object to the firemen themselves being supplied with keys enabling them to turn on a supply immediately upon their arrival. It is an old complaint that the London Fire Brigade, admirably managed and hardworking as it is, is ridiculously inadequate to the possible needs of the metropolis, and while we should never lose sight of this fact, and never cease urging the necessity of a very large increase both of men and apparatus, we should also remember that prevention is better than cure, and that the means of prevention lie more ready to our hands than they have ever done in former times. The Asbestos paint, which was so severely tested at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and which offered such an obstinate resistance to the flames, should be used freely, not only in public buildings, but also in private houses, whilst the chemical treatment of clothing, in order to render it uninflammable, would be as wise a precaution in our drawing-rooms, kitchens, and especially in our nurseries, as upon the stage of a theatre. Then again, every house should have an easy means of access to the roof, with which each inmate should be thoroughly acquainted. If precautions such as these were observed, much would be done to check the ravages of that element which is so excellent a servant, but so terrible a master.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK.

JAN. 12 TO JAN. 18, 1882 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather throughout this period has been almost continuously dull and gloomy, but no rain has fallen. At the commencement of the week the barometer was rising a little, but on Friday (15th inst.) the appearance of a depression off our western coasts occasioned a slight fall. By the evening of that day, however, the disturbance had passed away, and since then a steady rise has occurred, which has been interrupted only by the usual diurnal range of the barometer. On Wednesday (18th inst.) the mercury had reached the unusual height of 30·97 inches, a reading which has apparently had no equal within the present century. The nearest approach to it was on the 11th February, 1849, when the barometer reached 30·85 inches. The change in the present instance has been due to the approach of an area of very high pressure from Central Europe. On Sunday (15th inst.) the centre of this area was over Austria. On Monday (16th inst.) it had travelled to Germany. On Tuesday (17th inst.) it had advanced still further westward, and on Wednesday (18th inst.) was lying over the southern parts of England and Ireland. Its further movement westward seems very doubtful, and it does not seem unlikely that after becoming reduced in intensity it will eventually settle down over France. Until the centre of the system was fairly over us, the weather in London was simply dull and gloomy, but as the maximum readings came on thick fog set in, and the weather also became colder. The barometer was highest (30·97 inches) on Wednesday (18th inst.); lowest (30·35 inches) on Thursday (19th inst.); range, 0·62 inches. Temperature was highest (50°) on Thursday (19th inst.); lowest (30°) on Wednesday (18th inst.); range, 20°. No rain has fallen.



A MILITARY ASSAULT OF ARMS, AND CONCERT, in aid of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, will take place at the Albert Hall on February 11.

**ROYAL ACADEMY.**—At a General Assembly held on Wednesday evening, Mr. Henry Woods, Painter, and Mr. G. F. Bodley, Architect, were elected Associates.

A TAME WOLF HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO PRINCE BISMARCK by a Russian Prince, but the creature has been banished to Friedrichsruhe, for fear he should quarrel with the Chancellor's small dog.

FIVE ADDITIONAL SURVIVORS OF THE "JEANNETTE" EXPEDITION have arrived at Yakutsk, where the American Naval Secretary wishes the members of the Expedition to remain until their missing companions are found.

A QUAINTE HUNTING PIPE is used by the Crown Prince of Germany. The bowl is surrounded by wickerwork; on the lid is engraved "Grinhaus, April 13, 1869"; while a small chain of pebbles is attached, similar stones, set in silver, studding the neck of the pipe. These pebbles and a number of others, amounting to over 100, the Prince found in the stomach of a fine grouse which he shot on the above date.

**THE BRITISH ARTISTS' WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY** will be open to the public free next Sunday, from 4 to 7 p.m., admission tickets to be obtained from the Sunday Society. Last Sunday 466 people visited the collection.

**FEMININE SUFFRAGE** is being warmly demanded in Germany just now. At a recent election in a Württemberg city the Town Hall was fairly besieged by a number of women clamouring for permission to vote, and the police had to be called out to disperse the crowd.

**DONIZETTI'S POSTHUMOUS OPERA,** *Il Duca d'Alba*, is to be brought out within the next few weeks at the Apollo Theatre, Rome. The unfinished parts have been filled in by pieces from the composer's least known works, so that the opera will be pure Donizetti throughout.

**AN EPIDEMIC AMONGST VIOLETS** is perplexing Transatlantic florists. A small spot appears on the petals of each flower as it opens, and spreads rapidly, the blossoms drying up as if scorched. It is believed to be some destructive microscopic organism similar to the phylloxera.

**STUDENT-DUELING IN GERMANY** shows no sign of dying out. Among the Berlin University students the practice is increasing to a dangerous extent, and moreover often results seriously. Moreover, besides the usual "Paukereien," numerous duels with swords and pistols are fought in the suburbs.

**A PATAGONIAN DEER** has been added to the Zoological Gardens, the only specimen of its kind in the collection. The creature has extremely short legs, the *Live Stock Journal* tells us, which give it the appearance of a goat rather than of a deer; it has large trustful eyes, and is so tame that it comes and begs for food.

**AN ALTERATION IN THE TIME OF DAY** has been planned by an ingenious Teuton, who proposes to reduce the hours of the day to twenty instead of twenty-four, these hours to be no longer divided into two series, but to be counted straight on from one to twenty. He has had a decimal clock specially constructed to illustrate his suggestion.

**THE REMAINS OF THE GREAT PHYSIognomist, LAVATER** have been removed from their original resting-place in the Zurich cemetery owing to the ground having become private property. At present they are in the Church of St. Peter, but will shortly be buried just outside. The Zurich doctors have taken the opportunity to examine Lavater's skull, which they find very small but well proportioned.

**A CAMBRIAN ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS** is shortly to be established by some Welsh artists, in order that Art in the Principality may enjoy similar advantages to those afforded in other parts of the United Kingdom. As Llandudno is considered the Art centre of Wales, exhibitions of the Academy will be held there every summer, the contributions being limited to artists resident in, or who have studied in Wales, with the exception of some few painters who may be invited by the Society.

**A LEGACY INHERITED UNDER CURIOUS CONDITIONS** has just been handed over to the Evangelical Church at Baden-Baden, according to the *American Register*. A rich spinster died some years ago bequeathing her fortune to the Church, with the provision that the money should not be given up until the death of her favourite cockatoo, which she had bequeathed to her maid. Until then the interest was to be utilised by the bird's keeper; so the cockatoo was duly registered, and kept under official supervision. Last Christmas Eve it suddenly died, having survived its mistress over twenty years.

**THE WINE CROP IN FRANCE LAST YEAR**, according to the Government return, was not only more productive than that of 1880, but was of better quality than had been known for some years. Nevertheless the yield was not equal to the average of the last ten years, owing to the devastation caused by the phylloxera, which has now spread over more than 2,000,000 acres of land. Accordingly cheap Italian and Spanish wines are being bought in large quantities, the import having steadily risen for the last four years. Vine cultivation, however, is now being tried in many parts of France where the culture had hitherto never been attempted.

**THE PHENIX FIRE OFFICE**, which celebrates its centenary this year, was established in 1782. In that year a small band of London merchants agreed together to found a fire insurance business. Their first heavy loss was the Ratcliff fire of 1794, in which they were called upon for some 50,000/. In 1807 the Phenix paid 200,000/, on account of a terrific fire in the Island of St. Thomas, West Indies; in 1842 it paid 216,000/ for the Hamburg fire; in 1846, 114,000/ for the fire in Newfoundland; and in the memorable year 1861, in the course of which the Tooley Street fire occurred, the losses of the Phenix averaged 1,000/ per day. Another ten years passed, and fires in America of no common kind arose, and for Chicago 100,000/, and for Boston nearly 50,000/ was promptly paid. In short, the office has paid during its existence, in satisfaction of fire claims, over 13,000,000/ sterling, and to its proprietors dividends fully equal to the heavy responsibilities undertaken by them.

**LONDON MORTALITY** further decreased last week, and 1,737 deaths were registered, against 1,858 during the previous seven days, a decline of 121, being 31 below the average, and at the rate of 23·3 per 1,000. These deaths included 21 from smallpox (an increase of 1), 44 from measles (a decline of 9), 38 from scarlet fever (a decline of 6), 14 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 116 from whooping-cough (an increase of 13), 5 from typhus fever, (an increase of 4), 24 from enteric fever (an increase of 3), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 13 from diarrhoea. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 457 (a decline of 32, and 31 below the average). Different forms of violence caused 55 deaths, of which 50 were the result of accident or negligence. Four cases of suicide were registered, including 1 by chloroform and 1 by opium. There were 2,665 births registered, against 2,799 during the previous week, being 80 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 43·9 deg., and 59 deg. above the average. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 4 hours, the sun being above the horizon during 50·9 hours.

**MR. OSCAR WILDE** has excited great interest across the Atlantic, and has been duly interviewed by sundry reporters, who give the fullest account of his appearance and sayings. The interviewer of the *New York Herald* dwells particularly on the beauty of Mr. Wilde's throat, "which stands a column fit to find a place in Songs of Solomon;" approves highly of his affability and air of utter unconcern; and minutely records his toilette, from the patent leather shoes to a coat "of fashion far surpassing aught that unesthetic men can reach." This energetic reporter met the "Apostle of Aestheticism" at the very first available place—Quarantine—and was troubled that the great aesthete did not seem to appreciate the honour of being interviewed, but leant against a railing in a lounging attitude that "suggested the negligence of one who had greater things to attend to. Once placed in the proper position, Mr. Wilde talked,—indeed, talked to that extent that the *Herald's* reporter was unable to follow the meaning of his words." Mr. Wilde did not give him much information, however, save some high-flown observations, and the curious journalist had to fall back on an unscientific fellow-passenger, who retailed Mr. Wilde's contempt for the Atlantic, and his longing for a grand storm. "The captain said," continued the cynical passenger, "I wish I had that man lashed to the bowsprit on the windward side." And we wished it too."



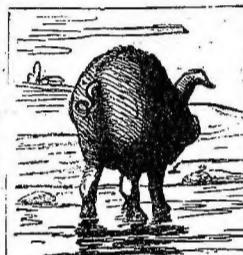
AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS EVE.—“When the girls opened the kitchen door, they saw the Brownie standing on the kitchen table, and hurling one dish after the other on to the floor, laughing in great glee.”



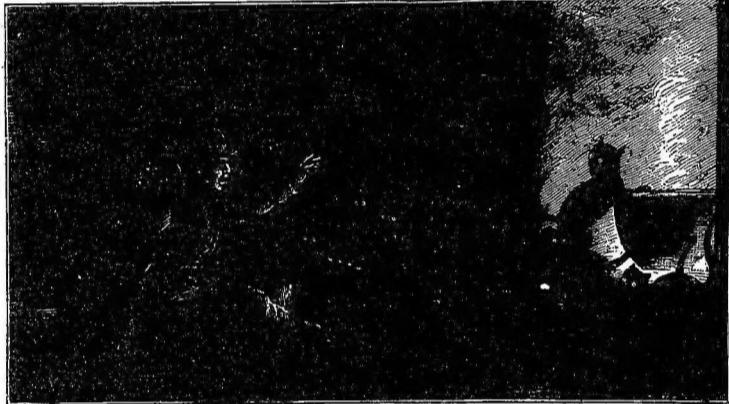
The Big Billy-goat, who flew at the Troll and poked his eyes out.



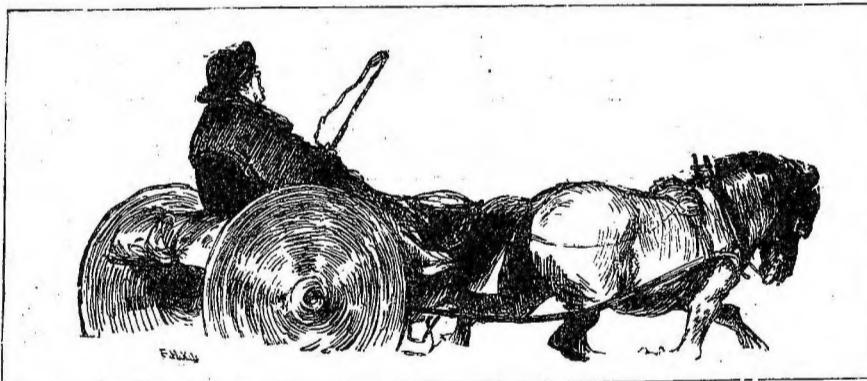
EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON.—“Next morning the North Wind called her early, and away they went, high up through the air at a fearful speed.”



The Naughty Pig that Swallowed the Pancake.



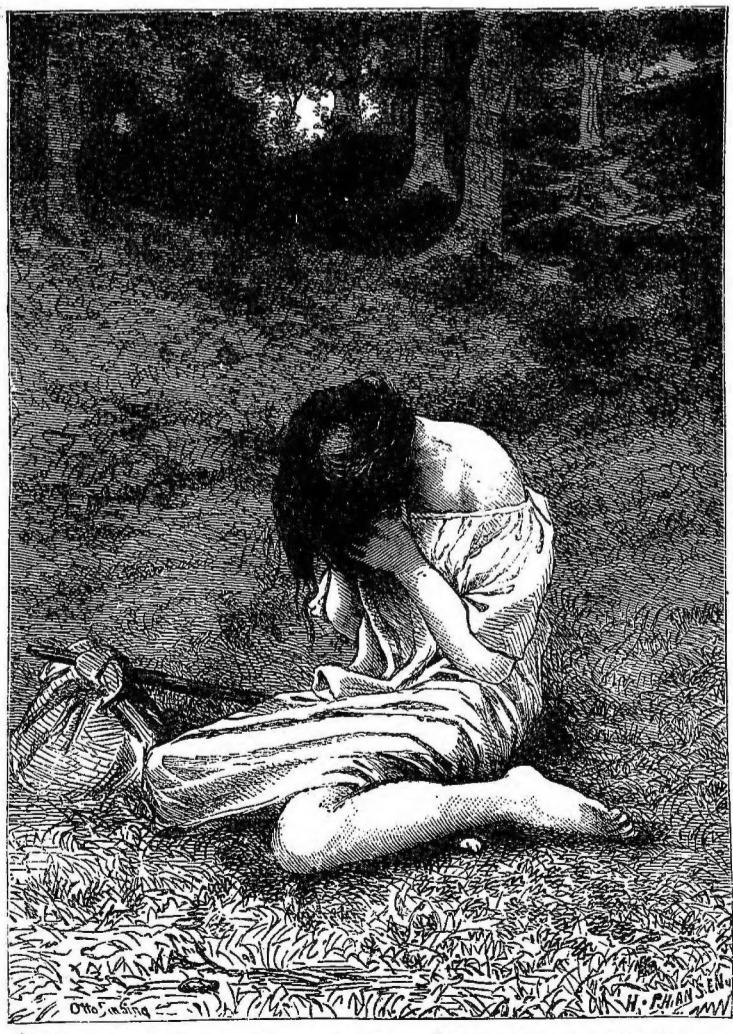
LEGENDS OF THE MILL.—“Towards midnight the door of the mill flew open and in rushed a number of black cats. . . One of them put her paw behind the pot of boiling tar and tried to upset it. ‘Psht, cat! you’ll burn yourself!’ cried the tailor, and away the cats scampered.”



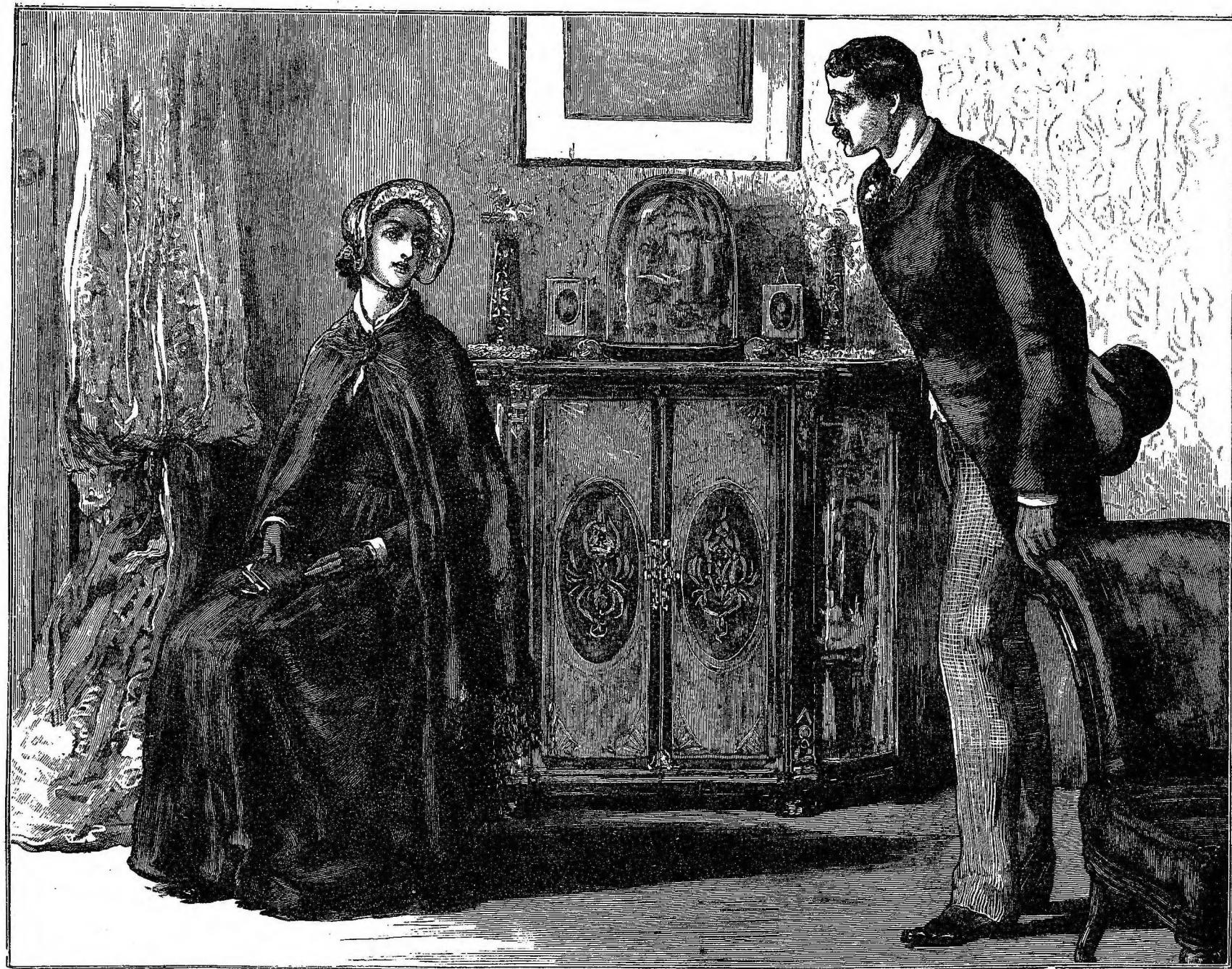
THE PARSON AND THE CLERK.—“There was once a parson, who was such a bully that he screamed out a long way off when anybody came driving against him, ‘Out of my way! Here comes the parson himself!’”



ASHIEPATTLE AND THE KING’S HARES.—“When Peter came into the wood he met an old woman, who stood fixed with her nose in a big block, and when he saw how she pulled and tugged to get loose, he began laughing with all his might.”



EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON.—“Next morning when she awoke the prince and the castle were gone; she lay in a little green field with the bundle of her old rags, and wept till she was tired.”



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

"I had thought Mrs. Roden was here," said Lord Hampstead.

## MARION FAY: A Novel

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMELY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### MARION FAY AND HER FATHER

"I SAW him go in a full quarter of an hour since, and Marion Fay went in before. I feel quite sure that she knew that he was expected." Thus spoke Clara Demijohn to her mother.

"How could she have known it?" asked Mrs. Duffer, who was present in Mrs. Demijohn's parlour, where the two younger women were standing with their faces close to the window, with their gloves on and best bonnets, ready for church.

"I am sure she did, because she had made herself smarter than ever with her new brown silk, and her new brown gloves, and her new brown hat,—sly little Quaker that she is. I can see when a girl has made herself up for some special occasion. She wouldn't have put on new gloves, surely, to go to church with Mrs. Roden."

"If you stay staring there any longer you'll both be late," said Mrs. Demijohn.

"Mrs. Roden hasn't gone yet," said Clara, lingering. It was Sunday morning, and the ladies at No. 10 were preparing for their devotions. Mrs. Demijohn herself never went to church, having some years since had a temporary attack of sciatica, which had provided her with a perpetual excuse for not leaving the house on a Sunday morning. She was always left at home with a volume of Blair's Sermons; but Clara, who was a clever girl, was well aware that great progress was then made with the novel which happened to have last come into the house from the little circulating library round the corner. The ringing of the neighbouring church bell had come to its final stop of tinkling, and Mrs. Duffer knew that she must start, or disgrace herself in the eyes of the pew-opener." Come, my dear," she said; and away they went. As the door of No. 10 opened so did that of No. 11 opposite, and the four ladies, including Marion Fay, met in the road. "You have a visitor this morning," said Clara.

"Yes;—a friend of my son's."

"We know all about it," said Clara. "Don't you think he's a very fine-looking young man, Miss Fay?"

"Yes, I do," said Marion. "He is certainly a handsome young man."

"Beauty is but skin deep," said Mrs. Duffer.

"But still it goes a long way," said Clara, "particularly with high birth and noble rank."

"He is an excellent young man, as far as I know him," said Mrs. Roden, thinking that she was called upon to defend her son's friend.

Hampstead had returned home on the Saturday, and had taken the earliest opportunity on the following Sunday morning to go over to his friend at Holloway. The distance was about six miles, and he had driven over, sending the vehicle back with the intention of walking home. He would get his friend to walk with him, and then should take place that conversation which he feared would become excessively unpleasant before it was finished. He was shown up to the drawing-room of No. 11, and there he found all alone a young woman whom he had never seen before. This was Marion Fay, the daughter of Zachary Fay, a Quaker, who lived at No. 17, Paradise Row. "I had thought Mrs. Roden was here," he said.

"Mrs. Roden will be down directly. She is putting her bonnet on to go to church."

"And Mr. Roden?" he asked. "He I suppose is not going to church with her?"

"Ah, no; I wish he were. George Roden never goes to church."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"For his mother's sake I was speaking;—but why not for his also? He is not specially my friend, but I wish well to all men. He is not at home at present, but I understood that he will be here shortly."

"Do you always go to church?" he asked, grounding his question not on any impudent curiosity as to her observance of her religious duties, but because he had thought from her dress she must certainly be a Quaker.

"I do usually go to your church on a Sunday."

"Nay," said he, "I have no right to claim it as my church. I fear you must regard me also as a heathen,—as you do George Roden."

"I am sorry for that, sir. It cannot be good that any man should be a heathen when so much Christian teaching is abroad. But men I think allow themselves a freedom of thought from which women in their timidity are apt to shrink. If so it is surely good that we should be cowards." Then the door opened, and Mrs. Roden came into the room.

"George is gone," she said, "to call on a sick friend, but he will be back immediately. He got your letter yesterday evening, and he left word that I was to tell you that he would be back by eleven. Have you introduced yourself to my friend Miss Fay?"

"I had not heard her name," he said smiling, "but we had introduced ourselves."

"Marion Fay is my name," said the girl, "and yours, I suppose, is—Lord Hampstead."

"So now we may be supposed to know each other for ever after," he replied, laughing; "—only I fear, Mrs. Roden, that your friend will repudiate the acquaintance because I do not go to church."

"I said not so, Lord Hampstead. The nearer we were to being friends,—if that were possible,—the more I should regret it." Then the two ladies started on their morning duty.

Lord Hampstead when he was alone immediately decided that he would like to have Marion Fay for a friend, and not the less so because she went to church. He felt that she had been right in saying that audacity in speculation on religious subjects was not becoming a young woman. As it was unfitting that his sister Lady Frances should marry a Post Office clerk, so would it have been unbecoming that Marion Fay should have been what she herself called a heathen. Surely of all the women on whom his eyes had ever rested she was,—he would not say to himself the most lovely,—but certainly the best worth looking at. The close brown bonnet and the little cap, and the well-made brown silk dress, and the brown gloves on her little hands together made, to his eyes, as pleasing a feminine attire as a girl could well wear. Could it have been by accident that the graces of her form were so excellently shown? It had to be supposed that she, as a Quaker, was indifferent to outside feminine garniture. It is the theory of a Quaker that she should be so, and in every article she had adhered closely to Quaker rule. As far as he could see there was not a ribbon about her. There was no variety of colour. Her headdress was as simple and close as any that could have been worn by her grandmother. Hardly a margin of smooth hair appeared between her cap and her forehead. Her dress fitted close to her neck, and on her shoulders she wore a tight-fitting shawl. The purpose in her raiment had been Quaker all through. The exquisite grace must have come altogether by accident,—just because it had pleased nature to make her gracious! As to all this there might perhaps be room for doubt. Whether there had been design or not might possibly afford scope for consideration. But that the grace was there was a matter which required no consideration, and admitted of no doubt.

As Marion Fay will have much to do with our story it will be well that some further description should be given here of herself and of her condition in life. Zachary Fay, her father, with whom she lived, was a widower with no other living child. There had been many others who had all died, as had also their mother. She had been a prey to consumption, but had lived long enough to know that she had bequeathed the fatal legacy to her offspring,—to all of them except to Marion, who, when her mother died, had seemed to be exempted from the terrible curse of

the family. She had then been old enough to receive her mother's last instructions as to her father, who was then a broken-hearted man struggling with difficulty against the cruelty of Providence. Why should it have been that God should thus afflict him,—him who had no other pleasure in the world, no delights, but those which were afforded to him by the love of his wife and children? It was to be her duty to comfort him, to make up as best she might by her tenderness for all that he had lost and was losing. It was to be especially her duty to soften his heart in all worldly matters, and to turn him as far as possible to the love of heavenly things. It was now two years since her mother's death, and in all things she had endeavoured to perform the duties which her mother had exacted from her.

But Zachary Fay was not a man whom it was easy to turn hither and thither. He was a stern, hard, just man, of whom it may probably be said that if a world were altogether composed of such, the condition of such a world would be much better than that of the world we know;—for generosity is less efficacious towards permanent good than justice, and tender speaking less enduring in its beneficial results than truth. His enemies—for he had enemies—said of him that he loved money. It was no doubt true; for he that does not love money must be an idiot. He was certainly a man who liked to have what was his own, who would have been irate with any one who had endeavoured to rob him of his own, or had hindered him in his just endeavour to increase his own. That which belonged to another he did not covet,—unless it might be in the way of earning it. Things had prospered with him, and he was,—for his condition in life,—a rich man. But his worldly prosperity had not for a moment succeeded in lessening the asperity of the blow which had fallen upon him. With all his sternness he was essentially a loving man. To earn money he would say,—or perhaps more probably would only think,—was the necessity imposed upon man by the Fall of Adam; but to have something warm at his heart, something that should be infinitely dearer to him than himself and all his possessions,—that was what had been left of Divine Essence in a man even after the Fall of Adam. Now the one living thing left for him to love was his daughter Marion.

He was not a man whose wealth was of high order, or his employment of great moment, or he would not probably have been living at Holloway in Paradise Row. He was and had now been for many years senior clerk to Messrs. Pogson and Littlebird, Commission Agents, at the top of King's Court, Old Broad Street. By Messrs. Pogson and Littlebird he was trusted with everything, and had become so amalgamated with the firm as to have achieved in the City almost the credit of a merchant himself. There were some who thought that Zachary Fay must surely be a partner in the house, or he would not have been so well known or so much respected among merchants themselves. But in truth he was no more than senior clerk, with a salary amounting to four hundred a year. Nor though he was anxious about his money would he have dreamed of asking for any increase in his stipend. It was for Messrs. Pogson and Littlebird to say what his services were worth. He would not on any account have lessened his authority with them by becoming a suppliant for increased payment. But for many years he had spent much less than his income, and had known how to use his City experiences in turning his savings to the best account. Thus, as regarded Paradise Row and its neighbourhood, Zachary Fay was a rich man.

He was now old, turned seventy, tall and thin, with long grey hair,—with a slight stoop in his shoulders,—but otherwise Hale as well as healthy. He went every day to his office, leaving his house with strict punctuality at half-past eight, and entering the door of the counting-house just as the clock struck nine. With equal accuracy he returned home at six, having dined in the middle of the day at an eating-house in the City. All his time was devoted to the interests of the firm, except for three hours on Thursday, during which he attended a meeting in a Quaker house of worship. On those occasions Marion always joined him, making a journey into the City for the purpose. She would fain have induced him also to accompany her on Sundays to the English Church. But to this he never would consent at her instance,—as he had refused to do so at the instance of his wife. He was, he said, a Quaker, and did not mean to be aught else than a Quaker. In truth, though he was very punctual at those Quaker meetings, he was not at heart a religious man. To go through certain formalities, Quaker though he was, was as sufficient to him as to many other votaries of Church ordinances. He had been brought up to attend Quaker meetings, and no doubt would continue to attend them as long as his strength might suffice; but it may be presumed of him without harsh judgment that the price of stocks was often present to his mind during those tedious hours in the meeting-house. In his language he always complied with the strict tenets of his sect, “thou-ing” and “thee-ing” all those whom he addressed; but he had assented to an omission in this matter on the part of his daughter, recognising the fact that there could be no falsehood in using a mode of language common to all the world. “If a plural pronoun of ignoble sound,” so he said, “were used commonly for the singular because the singular was too grand and authoritative for ordinary use, it was no doubt a pity that the language should be so injured; but there could be no untruth in such usage; and it was better that at any rate the young should adhere to the manner of speech which was common among those with whom they lived.” Thus Marion was saved from the “thees” and the “thous,” and escaped that touch of hypocrisy which seems to permeate the now antiquated speeches of Quakers. Zachary Fay in these latter years of his life was never known to laugh or to joke; but, if circumstances were favourable, he would sometimes fall into a quaint mode of conversation in which there was something of drollery and something also of sarcasm; but this was unfrequent, as Zachary was slow in making new friends, and never conversed after this fashion with the mere acquaintance of the hour.

Of Marion Fay's appearance something has already been said; enough, perhaps,—not to impress any clear idea of her figure on the mind's eye of a reader, for that I regard as a feat beyond the power of any writer,—but to enable the reader to form a conception of his own. She was small of stature, it should be said, with limbs exquisitely made. It was not the brilliance of her eyes or the chiselled correctness of her features which had struck Hampstead so forcibly as a certain expression of earnest eloquence which pervaded her whole form. And there was a fleeting brightness of colour which went about her cheeks and forehead, and ran around her mouth, which gave to her when she was speaking a brilliancy which was hardly to be expected from the ordinary lines of her countenance. Had you been asked, you would have said that she was a brunette, —till she had been worked to some excitement in talking. Then, I think, you would have hardly ventured to describe her complexion by any single word. Lord Hampstead, had he been asked what he thought about her, as he sat waiting for his friend, would have declared that some divinity of grace had been the peculiar gift which had attracted him. And yet that rapid change of colour had not passed unnoticed as she told him that she was sorry that he did not go to church.

Marion Fay's life in Paradise Row would have been very lonely had she not become acquainted with Mrs. Roden before her mother's death. Now hardly a day passed but what she spent an hour with that lady. They were, indeed, fast friends,—so much so that Mrs. Vincent had also come to know Marion, and approving of the girl's religious tendencies had invited her to spend two or three days at Wimbledon. This was impossible, because Marion would never leave her father;—but she had once or twice gone over with Mrs. Roden, when she made her weekly call, and had certainly ingratiated

herself with the austere lady. Other society she had none, nor did she seem to desire it. Clara Demijohn, seeing the intimacy which had been struck up between Marion and Mrs. Roden,—as to which she had her own little jealousies to endure,—was quite sure that Marion was setting her cap at the Post Office clerk, and had declared in confidence to Mrs. Duffer that the girl was doing it in the most brazen-faced manner. Clara had herself on more than one occasion contrived to throw herself in the clerk's way on his return homewards on dusky evenings,—perhaps intent only on knowing what might be the young man's intentions as to Marion Fay. The young man had been courteous to her, but she had declared to Mrs. Duffer that he was one of those stiff young men who don't care for ladies' society. “Those are they,” said Mrs. Duffer, “who marry the readiest and make the best husbands.” “Oh;—she'll go on sticking to him till she don't leave a stone unturned,” said Clara,—thereby implying that, as far as she was concerned, she did not think it worth her while to continue her attacks unless a young man would give way to her at once. George had been asked more than once to drink tea at No. 10, but had been asked in vain. Clara, therefore, had declared, quite loudly that Marion had made an absolute prisoner of him,—had bound him hand and foot,—would not let him call his life his own. “She interrupts him constantly as he comes from the office,” she said to Mrs. Duffer; “I call that downright unfeminine audacity.” Yet she knew that Mrs. Duffer knew that she had intercepted the young man. Mrs. Duffer took it all in good part, knowing very well how necessary it is that a young woman should fight her own battle strenuously.

In the mean time Marion Fay and George Roden were good friends. “He is engaged;—I must not say to whom,” Mrs. Roden had said to her young friend. “It will, I fear, be a long, tedious affair. You must not speak of it.”

“If she be true to him, I hope he will be true to her,” said Marion, with true feminine excitement.

“I only fear that he will be too true.”  
“No;—that cannot be. Even though he suffer let him be true. You may be sure I will not mention it,—to him, or to any one. I like him so well that I do hope he may not suffer much.” From that time she found herself able to regard George Roden as a real friend, and to talk to him as though there need be no cause for dreading an intimacy. With an engaged man a girl may suffer herself to be intimate.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### THE WALK BACK TO HENDON

“I WAS here a little early,” said Hampstead when his friend came in, “and I found your mother just going to church,—with a friend.”

“Marion Fay.”  
“Yes, Miss Fay.”

“She is the daughter of a Quaker who lives a few doors off. But though she is a Quaker she goes to church as well. I envy the tone of mind of those who are able to find a comfort in pouring themselves out in gratitude to the great Unknown God.”

“I pour myself out in gratitude,” said Hampstead; “but with me it is an affair of solitude.”

“I doubt whether you ever hold yourself for two hours in communion with heavenly power and heavenly influence. Something more than gratitude is necessary. You must conceive that there is a duty,—by the non-performance of which you would encounter peril. Then comes the feeling of safety which always follows the performance of a duty. That I never can achieve. What did you think of Marion Fay?”

“She is a most lovely creature.”

“Very pretty, is she not; particularly when speaking?”

“I never care for female beauty that does not display itself in action,—either speaking, moving, laughing, or perhaps only frowning,” said Hampstead enthusiastically. “I was talking the other day to a sort of cousin of mine who has a reputation of being a remarkably handsome young woman. She had ever so much to say to me, and when I was in company with her a page in buttons kept coming into the room. He was a round-faced, high-cheeked, ugly boy; but I thought him much better-looking than my cousin, because he opened his mouth when he spoke, and showed his eagerness by his eyes.”

“Your cousin is complimented.”

“She has made her market, so it does not signify. The Greeks seem to me to have regarded form without expression. I doubt whether Phidias would have done much with your Miss Fay. To my eyes she is the perfection of loveliness.”

“She is not my Miss Fay. She is my mother's friend.”

“Your mother is lucky. A woman without vanity, without jealousy, without envy—”

“Where will you find one?”

“Your mother. Such a woman as that, can, I think enjoy feminine loveliness almost as much as a man.”

“I have often heard my mother speak of Marion's good qualities, but not much of her loveliness. To me her great charm is her voice. She speaks musically.”

“As one can fancy Melompome did. Does she come here often?”

“Every day, I fancy;—but not generally when I am here. Not but what she and I are great friends. She will sometimes go with me into town on a Thursday morning, on her way to the meeting-house.”

“Lucky fellow!” Roden shrugged his shoulders as though conscious that any luck of that kind must come to him from another quarter, if it came at all.

“What does she talk about?”

“Religion generally.”

“And you?”

“Anything else, if she will allow me. She would wish to convert me. I am not at all anxious to convert her, really believing that she is very well as she is.”

“Yes,” said Hampstead; “that is the worst of what we are apt to call advanced opinions. With all my self-assurance I never dare to tamper with the religious opinions of those who are younger or weaker than myself. I feel that they at any rate are safe if they are in earnest. No one, I think, has ever been put in danger by believing Christ to be a God.”

“They none of them know what they believe,” said Roden; “nor do you or I. Men talk of belief as though it were a settled thing. It is so but with few; and that only with those who lack imagination. What sort of a time did you have down at Castle Hautboy?”

“Oh,—I don't know,—pretty well. Everybody was very kind, and my sister likes it. The scenery is lovely. You can look up a long reach of Ullswater from the Castle terrace, and there is Helvellyn in the distance. The house was full of people,—who despised me more than I did them.”

“Which is saying a great deal, perhaps.”

“There were some uncommon apes. One young lady, not very young, asked me what I meant to do with all the land in the world when I took it away from everybody. I told her that when it was all divided equally there would be a nice little estate even for all the daughters, and that in such circumstances all the sons would certainly get married. She acknowledged that such a result would be excellent, but she did not believe in it. A world in which the men should want to marry was beyond her comprehension. I went out hunting I should suppose was not very good.”

“But for one drawback it would have been very good, indeed.”

“The mountains, I should have thought, would be one drawback, and the lakes another.”

“Not at all. I liked the mountains because of their echoes, and the lakes did not come in our way.”

“Where was the fault?”

“There came a man.”

“Whom you disliked?”

“Who was a bore.”

“Could you not shut him up?”

“No; nor shake him off. I did at last do that, but it was by turning round and riding backwards when we were coming home. I had just invited him to ride on while I stood still,—but he wouldn't.”

“Did it come to that?”

“Quite to that. I actually turned tail and ran away from him;—not as we ordinarily do in society when we sneak off under some pretence, leaving the pretender to think that he has made himself very pleasant; but with a full declaration of my opinion and intention.”

“Who was he?”

That was the question. Hampstead had come there on purpose to say who the man was,—and to talk about the man with great freedom. And he was determined to do so. But he preferred not to begin that which he intended to be a severe accusation against his friend till they were walking together, and he did not wish to leave the house without saying a word further about Marion Fay. It was his intention to dine all alone at Hendon Hall. How much nicer it would be if he could dine in Paradise Row with Marion Fay! He knew it was Mrs. Roden's custom to dine early, after church, on Sundays, so that the two maidens who made up her establishment might go out,—either to church or to their lovers, or perhaps to both, as might best suit them. He had dined there once or twice already, eating the humble, but social, leg of mutton of Holloway, in preference to the varied, but solitary, banquet of Hendon. He was of opinion that really intimate acquaintance demanded the practice of social feeding. To know a man very well, and never to sit at table with him, was, according to his views of life, altogether unsatisfactory. Though the leg of mutton might be cold, and have no other accompaniment but the common ill-boiled potato, yet it would be better than any banquet prepared simply for the purpose of eating. He was gregarious, and now felt a longing, of which he was almost ashamed, to be admitted to the same pastures with Marion Fay. There was not, however, the slightest reason for supposing that Marion Fay would dine at No. 11, even were he asked to do so himself. Nothing, in fact, could be less probable, as Marion Fay never deserted her father. Nor did he like to give any hint to his friend that he was desirous of further immediate intimacy with Marion. There would be an absurdity in doing so which he did not dare to perpetrate. Only if he could have passed the morning in Paradise Row, and then have walked home with Roden in the dark evening, he could, he thought, have said what he had to say very conveniently.

But it was impossible. He sat silent for some minute or two after Roden had asked the name of the bore of the hunting field, and then answered him by proposing that they should start together on their walk towards Hendon. “I am all ready; but you must tell me the name of this dreadful man.”

“As soon as we have started I will. I have come here on purpose to tell you.”

“To tell me the name of the man you ran away from in Cumberland land?”

“Exactly that;—come along.” And so they started, more than an hour before the time at which Marion Fay would return from church.

“The man who annoyed me so out hunting was an intimate friend of yours.”

“I have not an intimate friend in the world except yourself.”

“Not Marion Fay?”

“I meant among men. I do not suppose that Marion Fay was out hunting in Cumberland.”

“I should not have run away from her, I think, if she had. It was Mr. Crocker, of the General Post Office.”

“Crocker in Cumberland!”

“Certainly he was in Cumberland,—unless some one personated him. I met him dining at Castle Hautboy, when he was kind enough to make himself known to me, and again out hunting,—when he did more than make himself known to me.”

“I am surprised.”

“Is he not away on leave?”

“Oh, yes;—he is away on leave. I do not doubt that it was he.”

“Why should he not be in Cumberland,—when, as it happens, his father is land-steward or something of that sort to my uncle Persiflage?”

“Because I did not know that he had any connection with Cumberland. Why not Cumberland, or Westmoreland, or Northumberland, you may say? Why not—or Yorkshire, or Lincolnshire, or Norfolk? I certainly did not suppose that a Post Office clerk out on his holidays would be found hunting in any county.”

“You have never heard of his flea-bitten horse?”

“Not a word. I didn't know that he had ever sat upon a horse. And now will you let me know why you have called him my friend?”

“Is he not so?”

“By no means.”

“Does he not sit at the same desk with you?”

“Certainly he does.”

“I think I should be friends with a man if I sat at the same desk with him.”

“With Crocker even?” asked Roden.

“Well; he might be an exception.”

“But if an exception to you, why not also an exception to me? As it happens, Crocker has made himself disagreeable to me. Instead of being my friend he is,—I will not say my enemy, because I should be making too much of him; but nearer to being so than any one I know. Now, what is the meaning of all this? Why did he trouble you especially down in Cumberland? Why do you call him my friend? And why do you wish to speak to me about him?”

“He introduced himself to me, and told me that he was your special friend.”

“Then he lied.”

“I should not have cared about that;—but he did more.”

“What more did he do?”

“I would have been courteous to him,—if only because he sat at the same desk with you;—but—”

“But what?”

“There are things which are difficult to tell.”

“If they have to be told, they had better be told,” said Roden, almost angrily.

“Whether friend or not he knew of—your engagement with my sister.”

“Impossible!”

“He told me of it,” said Lord Hampstead impetuously, his tongue now at length loosed. “Told me of it! He spoke of it again and again to my extreme disgust. Though the thing had been fixed as fate, he should not have mentioned it.”

“Certainly not.”

“But he did nothing but tell me of your happiness, and good luck, and the rest of it. It was impossible to stop him, so that I had to ride away from him. I bade him be silent,—as plainly as I could without mentioning Fanny's name. But it was of no use.”



"How did he know it?"  
"You told him!"  
"I!"

"So he said." This was not strictly the case. Crocker had so introduced the subject as to have avoided the palpable lie of declaring that the tidings had been absolutely given by Roden to himself. But he had not the less falsely intended to convey that impression to Hampstead, and had conveyed it. "He gave me to understand that you were speaking about it continually at your office." Roden turned round and looked at the other man, white with rage—as though he could not allow himself to utter a word. "It was as I tell you. He began it at the Castle, and afterwards continued it whenever he could get near me when hunting."

"And you believed him?"

"When he repeated his story so often what was I to do?"

"Knock him off his horse."

"And so be forced to speak of my sister to every one in the hunt and in the county. You do not feel how much is due to a girl's name."

"I think I do. I think that of all men I am the most likely to feel what is due to the name of Lady Frances Trafford. Of course I never mentioned it to any one at the Post Office."

"From whom had he heard it?"

"How can I answer that? Probably through some of your own family. It has made its way through Lady Kingsbury to Castle Hautboy, and has then been talked about. I am not responsible for that."

"Not for that certainly—if it be so."

"Nor because such a one as he has lied. You should not have believed it of me."

"I was bound to ask you."

"You were bound to tell me, but should not have asked me. There are things which do not require asking. What must I do with him?"

"Nothing. Nothing can be done. You could not touch the subject without alluding to my sister. She is coming back to Hendon in another week."

"She was there before, but I did not see her."

"Of course you did not see her. How should you?"

"Simply by going there."

"She would not have seen you." There came a black frown over Roden's brow as he heard this. "It has been understood between my father and Fanny and myself that you should not come to Hendon while she is living with me."

"Should not I have been a party to that agreement?"

"Hardly, I think. This agreement must have been made whether you assented or not. On no other terms would my father have permitted her to come. It was most desirable that she should be separated from Lady Kingsbury—"

"Oh, yes."

"And therefore the agreement was advisable. I would not have had her on any other terms."

"Why not?"

"Because I think that such visitings would have been unwise. It is no use my blinking it to you. I do not believe that the marriage is practicable."

"I do."

"As I don't, of course I cannot be a party to throwing you together. Were you to persist in coming you would only force me to find a home for her elsewhere."

"I have not disturbed you."

"You have not. Now I want you to promise me that you will not. I have assured my father that it shall be so. Will you say that you will neither come to her at Hendon Hall, nor write to her, while she is staying with me?" He paused on the road for an answer, but Roden walked on without making one, and Hampstead was forced to accompany him. "Will you promise me?"

"I will not promise. I will do nothing which may possibly subject me to be called a liar. I have no wish to knock at any door at which I do not think myself to be welcome."

"You know how welcome you would be at mine, but for her."

"It might be that I should find myself forced to endeavour to see her, and I will therefore make no promise. A man should setter himself by no assurances of that kind as to his conduct. If a man be a drunkard it may be well that he should bind himself by a vow against drinking. But he who can rule his own conduct should promise nothing. Good-day now. I must be back to dinner with my mother."

Then he took his leave somewhat abruptly, and returned. Hampstead went on to Hendon with his thoughts sometimes fixed on his sister, sometimes on Roden, whom he regarded as impracticable, sometimes on that horrid Crocker;—but more generally on Marion Fay, whom he resolved that he must see again, whatever might be the difficulties in his way.

(To be continued.)



"THEY did not condemn him wholly. One part genius, one part imposture, one part made up of a self-delusion amounting almost to insanity—such was in the mind of Clement and of Geraldine the composition of Montana's character." The study of this complicated character is the motive of Mr. Justin M'Carthy's "The Comet of a Season" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus). Montana is a morbidly vain, dangerously fascinating charlatan, who comes from the United States in order to dazzle the world of London with his own personality and with the phantom of a great mission unrealised even in his own brain. In this—for a season—he succeeds with comet-like brilliancy, and finally commits suicide rather than disappear in any common-place way. During his career he shows himself capable of the meanest actions, which he nevertheless contrives to persuade even himself are a part of a sublime destiny. The conception is worthy of Balzac: the execution, though anything but Balzac's, is exceedingly skilful, and by no means deficient in appropriate power. Mr. M'Carthy does not go very deep, but he has very accurately explored the shallows of a Montana. Remembering all the veiled satire, all the very un-comic comedy, and all the tragedy which a complete dramatic study of such a character demands, the result is disappointing. But that does not deprive us of a very brightly-written and clever story. Mr. M'Carthy has not attempted to go beyond his powers, and no author knows better how to use his own powers to their best advantage. Without detracting from the portrait of Montana, some of the subordinate sketches will certainly be found more completely successful, and for our own part we must own to special admiration, greater probably than the author himself thought of exciting, for such a comparative outsider as the rough-and-ready fine lady, Lady Vanessa Barnes. As always, he has introduced us to a heroine in the person of the Irish-American girl, Geraldine Rowan, whom it will be a pleasure to remember. And, also as always, the interest of the story is increased by an easy avoidance of everything in the shape of bad taste, and by all the results of a familiar knowledge of the world, including a wholesome belief in its general if sometimes mistaken honesty.

"Zoe, a Girl of Genius" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), by Lady Violet Greville, is a title that promises a great deal. The successful

study of genius, in fiction, demands a little of that quality on the part of the student, unless indeed the title be a stroke of satire. Genius, however, proves to be nothing more than a very ordinary love of music, and Zoe herself to be merely a young woman with the usual love-story. She certainly used to smoke cigarettes until she married, and started in life as something of a tomboy, but not even these symptoms carry Lady Violet Greville's researches into the natural history of genius very far. If, on the other hand, Zoe's claims to genius are to be regarded as a joke, the point should have been very considerably sharpened. The story is, to all appearance, nothing worse or better than the general run of sentimental novels by lady-authors. As such, it has an excellent chance of wide popularity, if its readers are not warned off by the word "genius" on the title page. We can assure them that they need not be in the least afraid.

The authoress of "Queenie," and of that excellent novel, "Orange Lily," has lightly and amusingly touched off the social humours of a garrison town in "Miss Daisy Dimity" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). Miss Daisy is a very charming and natural girl who, by force of her freshness and unaffected innocence, carries off, from a pack of garrison hacks, the hitherto unattainable Captain Gascoigne. Of course the story provides any number of opportunities for satire, nor are these let slip; but there is neither bitterness nor ill-humour. Indeed the authoress shows herself capable now and then of frank high spirits and downright fun. On the other hand, there is humour of a more touching kind in the double portrait of the two old sisters whose chief object in life was to be like one another. The novel is altogether a pleasant one, and is exceedingly light and easy to read, with a great deal of good sense and a corresponding absence of sentimentality.

"Rough Diamonds; or, Sketches from Real Life," by Constance MacEwen (1 vol.: Chapman and Hall), is dedicated to the Earl of Shaftesbury as a collection of "living gems dug out and exposed to the fantastical light of day during a course of district visiting," and written in the hope of "inspiring some to break through our mean conventional system." The gems prove to be a collection of short tracts, in the form of little stories, well intended no doubt, but eminently unlikely to inspire anybody to break through anything. Perhaps the unquestionably earnest and religious spirit of these little tales may fairly be held to exempt them from literary criticism, and they shall therefore receive the benefit of that doubt at our hands. But Miss MacEwen is surely wrong in imagining that the virtues of Lazarus, to use her own comparison, are insufficiently known to Dives. There never was a time when Dives respected Lazarus so much, or was more eager to help him. The really important question for a district visitor to answer is, How? And upon that question Miss MacEwen throws no light at all.

#### A CRUISE IN THE "LANCASHIRE WITCH," III.

AFTER spending three pleasant days at Zanzibar, Mr. Francis Francis and his party proceeded in the "Lancashire Witch" northwards to Formosa Bay, as we are told in jovial, even rollicking language in his book. They took with them Dr. Kirke, H.M. Consul-General at Zanzibar, whose portrait, with a general view of Formosa Bay, will be found on our illustration page. Dr. Kirke was acquainted with the Governor, who consequently insisted on sending not only porters and shikaries to assist the travellers, but also a guard of Arab soldiers to overawe the wandering bands of Gallas that infest the country. These Gallas appear to be a remarkably fine race, full of untamed spirit and natural grace. The faces of many of them, especially the women, are strikingly handsome, and Mr. Francis seems to have been quite smitten with the lissom beauty of one of the girls. He asked her for a drink of water from the gourd she carried. She certainly gave it him; but he adds "avec un air." It was done as if she was a queen and I her slave." The chief "fundi" of the party approached one of these Gallas with characteristic cheeriness and a jovial "Yambo Yambo" (good-day). The Galla, who was lazily chewing a long strip of zebra meat, paused, slowly turned his head, looked the fundi over with silent, unutterable scorn, and then turned contemptuously away and continued his occupation. This is a good instance of their haughty pride and contempt for the other peoples of the country, who it must be said are considerably afraid of these aristocratic savages.

The party had plenty of sport at Formosa Bay, zebra, torpe, and buffalo affording more or less excitement. Once the author left his companion, "Fritz," and the "fundi" behind, whilst he stalked a herd of torpe. Unsuccessful, however, he returned to hear that they had seen a grand old bull buffalo. They were sitting under some bush, when the animal galloped into an open space near, paused for a moment, tearing the ground with his hoof, and galloped off again, luckily without catching sight of the men in the bush. It was on this occasion that the "fat fundi" amused himself with Mr. Francis's field glasses. It was noticed that he constantly loitered behind, and it was not until while resting, and happening to turn suddenly round, that the author discovered the cause: he saw him, with the case of the glasses open, intently grinning at himself in their lenses, whose convex surface, of course, imparted extra breadth to his face, and undue distortion to his grin.

Our other illustrations do not require any elaborate comment. The camp was pitched almost upon the beach—a situation healthy in itself, and affording sea-bathing, cool breezes, and immunity from mosquitos. Of the fundis, or shikaries, or huntsmen, it may be said that without their assistance very little sport indeed can be expected in the African wilds.

We should like to accompany Mr. Francis yet farther on his pleasant voyage, but space will not permit us to do so. All we can do is to refer the reader who should desire to know more about a curiously unconventional and Bohemian expedition to his book, "War, Waves, and Wanderings," published by Messrs. S. Low and Co., and which, if occasionally odd in point of grammar and style, is certainly full of healthy jollity, high spirits, and "go."



MESSRS. KEPPEL AND CO.—There is no cause to complain of a lack of good songs and ballads this season. From the above-named firm come eleven songs. One of the best of the group is "Heaven and Earth," the beautiful words by Adelaide Procter, the dramatic music by Ciro Pinsuti. This song is published in G and B flat.—A dainty ditty for a youthful lover is "My Lady," the words of which, by F. E. Weatherly, have quite a madrigalian ring in them, the music by Ciro Pinsuti agrees with them well—this song is also published in two keys.—The very romantic wail of a bereaved lover is "The Vision," written and composed by W. Deigh and William Carter; the compass is within the middle octave.—A merry sea song is "Midshipman Easy," written and composed by Michael Watson, for, although the hero loses an arm and a leg in battle, he takes his loss very calmly and sticks to his motto, "Easy Come and Easy Go."—Two more love songs are respectively, "Seon I Shall Be Near Thee," published in D and F for a soprano or contralto, and "The Dawn of Love," the words of both are by Edward Oxenford, music by Wilfred Bendall.—Madame Dolby again comes to the fore with a pleasing ballad about that vague personage "Somebody," who is all the fashion

this season; that most indefatigable of versifiers, E. Oxenford, has supplied the words for "Somebody Knows," as he has also done for "The Two Recruits," which is a brisk and merry song in F and in E flat, music by Ignace Gibbsone.—"I Would Not Wear A Golden Crown" is the modest resolve of a maiden, who probably was never put to the test; the words and music are by Etheldreda Tucker; the latter is far superior to the former.—A very refined and charming song, written and composed by Grace Sherrington, is "A Forest Reverie." We can recommend this song to all who care to study what they are intending to sing.—"In Sunny Spain" is a pleasing duet for soprano and contralto, written and composed by Harriet Young, easy to learn and pleasant to sing.

DAVID WILLIAMS (Glasgow).—"The Artisan," a poem by J. Caulfield, will, or at all events should, please the working man, it is replete with honest enthusiasm which at times is bombastic; the music, by Jesse Williams, is bold and vigorous.—A tenor with a sympathetic voice who can tackle the Scottish tongue will make a good effect with "The Lass That's Dear to Me," written and composed by W. Brown and D. Williams; the latter has also composed "The Glasgow Grand March," which has made its mark already, and has arranged his popular song, "Wee Willie Winkie," in the form of a creditable waltz.

MESSRS. MOUTRIE AND SON.—Of three songs by Lord Henry Somerset, one, although of the ultra-sentimental school, is melodious, and by its well-put-together French poetry, "Rhapsodie de la Nuit," proves that he is as good a linguist as a musician. "A Song of Hope" and "A Song of Love" are very mawkish, and will only please lovers in the last stage of imbecility. The music is far superior to the poetry.—Another love song, a trifle less morbid, is "How Can I Tell?" written and composed by Annie C. Clough, music by Josef Trousselle.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—"Ave Maria" is a charming song, full of devotional feeling, by Maud V. White, the compass is from A below the lines to E on the fourth space.—A merry duet, exactly suitable for two fresh young voices, is "Cheerfulness," written and composed by M. X. Hayes and F. Gumbert.—It is the nature of children to sing, and why not teach them something worth singing? "Welcome To Our Festival" is a simple and tuneful trio for female voices, in which the children's shrill trebles are supported by a second soprano and an alto. The pretty words are by Lily Brough, the music by E. J. Hopkins. "Children's Opera," "The Fairy Wedding," composed by Cotsford Dick, has no words to it, but may be illustrated by the little ones in six tableaux; the effect would be novel and very pleasing.—"Nursery Rhymes," written and composed by Gertrude Hine, illustrated by F. Barnard, will be favourites in the nursery and schoolroom; the only fault we have to find with this book is that the tunes are not catching enough for children to learn without being taught them as a lesson.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—From thence come four songs all very good and singable. "For Ever and a Day," words by Dora Gillespie, music by Suchet Champion, compass from D below the lines to the octave above; "At the Window," a pathetic poem by Helen Burnside, music by J. L. Roeckel. Of a more cheerful type is "Falling Leaves," written and composed by W. H. Dance and H. C. Banks. In the Spanish style is "Gyp," a naive love song written and composed by T. Ashe and Ciro Pinsuti.

#### NAPOLEON THE THIRD

EVERY ONE must admire the chivalrous pertinacity with which Mr. Blanchard Jerrold fights for a dead cause. The cause of Imperialism is as dead in France as that of the Stuarts is in England; and yet many, even on this side of the Channel, would fain know whether Mr. Kinglake's sparkling epigrams are true or false. Mr. Jerrold is satisfied with proving that Napoleon, so far from driving France and England into war with Russia for his own private ends, tried hard to stave off a war which was very unpopular in France, and which the insolence of Russia and the state of public feeling in England made inevitable. For further confirmation of the "laboured lampoon" on which Napoleon's sole comment was: "C'est ignoble," he refers us to *Fraser* for July, 1863, from which in his first appendix he extracts some pungent criticisms. We wish he had said a little more about Leroy dit St. Arnaud, Fialin dit Persigny, and the rest of "the middle-aged men who were pushing their fortunes in Paris." While fully clearing the Emperor from the charge of hurrying on a quarrel for dynastic reasons, he leaves us in doubt whether these "friends of the Empire" were good men and true or not. About one thing there is no doubt. The disaffected party was a party of all the talents, but in practical genius all its members showed themselves lamentably deficient. Highly amusing are some of their absurd comments on the Emperor's policy; no less absurd are their prophecies, very various, but all falsified by events nearly as soon as they were uttered. They have already given zest to Mr. Senior's volumes; but Mr. Jerrold was wise in garnishing his pages with some of the best of them. We quite agree with him in his estimate of M. Thiers, the sharp-tongued little *bourgeois* who had such a hatred of the "vile multitude." We think, too, that he points out the chief weakness of the Emperor's system; he was not a constitutional monarch, and yet he made too much of his Ministers, and allowed a contest of advisers which, after Sadowa, prevented him from taking Drouyn de Lhuys' advice, and moving 80,000 men to the Eastern frontier. These quarrels were ruinously intensified in July, 1870, when Napoleon was so ill as to be little more than a plaything in the hands of his Councillors; while their miserable incapacity, as well as the wrong-headed folly of Benedetti, was fully *exploited* by Prince Bismarck, who had his own reasons for wishing to force on a war. To Ollivier, the Duke of Grammont, and the lying prophet Leboeuf, was due the sudden ruin of the dynasty. Throughout this fourth volume of his "Life of Napoleon III." (Longmans) Mr. Jerrold is singularly candid. He does not hide the Emperor's weaknesses, while contradicting such calumnies as those which impugn the personal courage of the man who was for hours under fire at Solferino. His picture of family life at the Tuilleries is very interesting, though it does not give us a high opinion of Mérimeé, one of whose coarse practical jokes had better not have been detailed. He sometimes seems to have forgotten his English, as when he talks of "mortal regret" and "obuses" and "delivering battle," and he certainly does not always carry conviction. We will not believe, for instance, that the sudden Peace of Villafranca was due to English coldness. But he has produced a work which those who wish to hear both sides ought always to read along with the special pleadings of Napoleon's enemies. The closing pages, in which he takes us to the Chiselhurst Chapel, where, six years after the death-scene that he describes, the young Prince, the object of so many hopes, was laid beside his father, are written with commendable brevity. In the chapter headed *Nostit a sociis* he gets on ticklish ground, but manages to deal very skilfully with the notorious fact that De Morny and others in high place were undoubtedly stock-jobbers of the worst kind. One point is clear, the Emperor was often very ill; and at such times he let things take what he knew was the wrong course. Thus he felt that the war of 1870 was a mistake, but just then he could not stand the worry of telegrams. Had matters gone on in the old quiet way of diplomacy, every one would have had time to cool; as it was, he was taken (in his own words) *en flagrant délit de préparation*. The volume contains several portraits, &c., and some amusing sketches by the Prince Imperial when a little boy.



"THERE'S E'EN NO REST AT NIGHT"



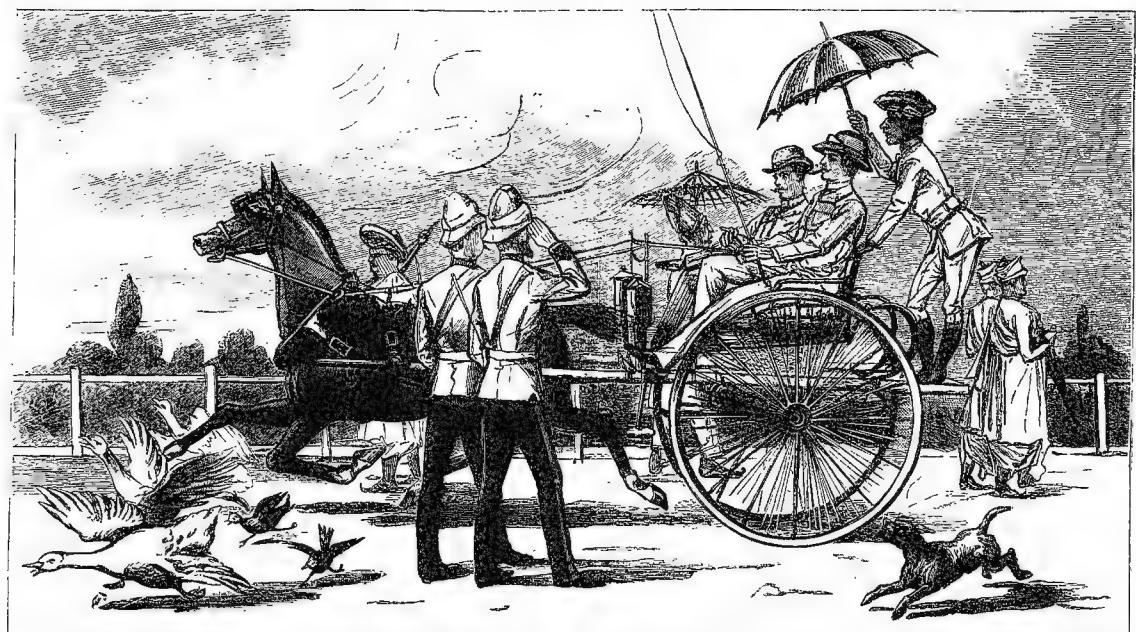
"AND ONE MUST RISE"



"AND GO TO DUTY"



"BACK FROM THE LINES I FLEE"



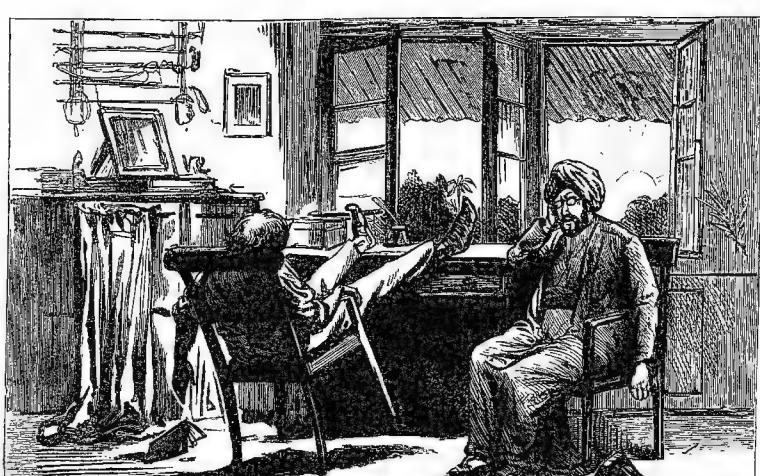
"THEN TO THE BAND WE RUN"



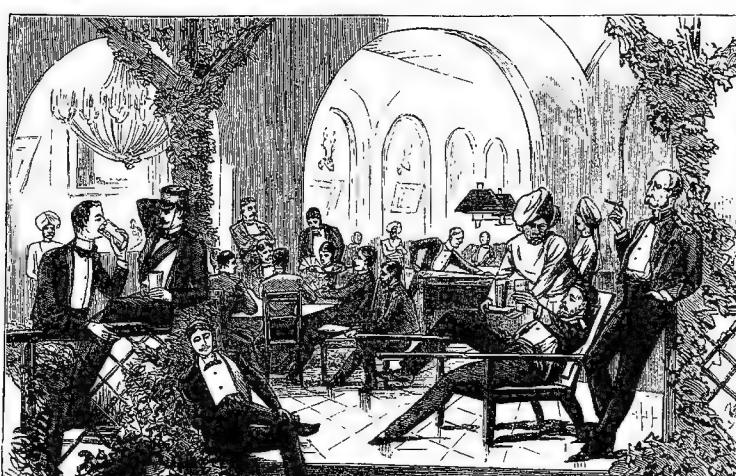
"WE MEET THE RICH PARSEE"



"BREAKFAST FROM 9 TO 1"



"SLEEP TILL THE SETTING SUN"



"THE MESS AGAIN AT LOO"



THERE are some books issued apparently for the chief purpose of causing the world to open its eyes wide in wonder. Such a book is "Bartolozzi and His Works," by Andrew W. Tuer (Field and Tuer), which is curious as it is expensive. The sumptuousness of Mr. Tuer's "Luxurious Bathing" is wholly eclipsed and surpassed by the quite gorgeous get-up of these two really handsome volumes; the only drawback being that such costly surroundings are scarcely proportionate to the subject, which is obviously of no very great or lasting interest. Mr. Tuer calls Bartolozzi "the great master," but with very little reason. He undoubtedly had no ordinary facility, a suave and unobjectionable taste, and a certain conventional grace of style that pleased everybody; but he had very little of what is called genius—wherein he differed utterly from Sir Robert Strange, a contemporary engraver, with whom he not very handsomely quarrelled, and whose works will live as unsurpassable masterpieces when Bartolozzi and all he did are forgotten. Bartolozzi enjoyed great popularity in this country, where he resided for a considerable time. Little, however, is known of his life. Born in Florence in 1727, and educated by Hugford, an Englishman, then at the head of the Florentine Academy, he went to Rome and then to Venice, where he married, and practised his art until 1764, when he came to England. He left his wife behind him at Venice, and never saw her again. Some of his children, however, followed him, and a son became the father of Madame Vestris. He was nominated one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and in 1802 he retired to Lisbon, and died there in 1815, aged eighty-eight, being chiefly supported in his latter years by a pension from the Prince Regent of Portugal. Though such elaborate and costly treatment seems hardly warranted either by the artistic or historic interest of the subject, there can be no doubt that Mr. Tuer has collected a large mass of curious and sometimes even valuable information—much of which, however, is extraneous. His catalogue of Bartolozzi's works includes no less than 2,000, and the illustrated description of his methods is extremely minute and interesting, whilst there are numerous brief notices of contemporary artists and others, that certainly increase the usefulness of the book. It is needless to say that paper, type, and binding are much more than satisfying; they are positively luxurious.

Great men always have a personality as striking and as individual almost as the deeds that bring them fame. For this reason biography, if it is in any way true and good, has a double interest; which mark well applies to the "Life of David Cox," by the late Mr. William Hall, and which has recently been issued under the editorial eye of Mr. J. Thackray Bunce (Cassell). We can scarcely say it is a model biography, but it displays many of the best qualities that mark the worthiest examples of this class of literature. We may quarrel with its style, which is by no means faultless; but we can forgive such minor blemishes, because it provides a fairly simple drawn picture of David Cox as he was and lived, by one who knew and loved him well. We see the man's real personality in these entertaining pages—his energy, simplicity, unobtrusive thoroughness, and quiet power, standing distinctly out from the background of a comparatively uneventful life, which was not without its dim shadows of sorrow and disappointment, and subdued lights of transitory joy. His industry and devotion to his art were remarkable—wherein he was, indeed, only similar to all truly great men. His manly vigour, humour, and geniality made him the most delightful of companions; whilst he would seem to have been not only one of the ablest, but one of the stanchest and truest of men. We have not space here to do full justice either to the book or its subject; but we can cordially recommend it as affording a singularly attractive narrative of a humble life and a just insight into a noble character; and as conveying a clear, judicious estimate of the merits and distinguishing characteristics of one of the greatest and most original artists of modern times. Painters and public alike will do well to study a work as full of interest as it is of useful guidance.

"The Tyne and Its Tributaries" (G. Bell and Sons) is a very commendable and noteworthy volume. It is written and illustrated by Mr. W. J. Palmer, who has not only supplied a large number of careful and sometimes striking sketches, but has engraved them as well. His letter-press is entertaining—including as it does very much historic and descriptive detail regarding one of the noblest of our English rivers, and the varied landscapes through which it winds its (not always) silvery way. Its archaeological interest is considerable, the famous castles and churches of Northumberland offering ample materials for disquisition in this by no means dry department. But, without seeming to make light of the author's literary labours, we can say that, in a book by an artist and engraver, attention naturally centres in its illustrations. All of these are artistic in conception and poetical in feeling, though it must be confessed that in execution they are somewhat unequal. One or two are exceptional, and even telling. Such, for instance, as those of Crag-Lough, Willingtonswyke, Chollerford, Weir (in which the overwhelming rush and foamy turmoil of the flooded river are happily rendered), the tailpiece on p. 31, the view of North Tyne Head, in which a variety of stormy greys are admirably managed; Tynemouth Lighthouse, a good example of the skilful attainment of poetic effect by simple means, and the view of Jarrow—an unpromising subject very artistically treated. With the actual engraving we are disappointed—critically speaking. Much of the work is thin, and wanting in vigour, richness, and, above all, meaning. There is apparent a mild hankering after American methods of "touching up," with consequent loss of brilliancy and force. Nevertheless, the book, as regards writing, drawing, and engraving, undoubtedly has its merits; and tourists roaming north, to say nothing of ordinary readers, will find it of no little use, and moreover, possessed of a quiet charm of its own.

In these days of European constitutional crises, the work compiled by the Princess de Lesignano, entitled "Les Constitutions de Tous les Pays Civilisés" (Baillière, Tindal, and Cox), is of exceptional interest and utility. Here are to be found the written constitution—where one exists—of each nation, in most instances textually reproduced, and in the case of any country—as England—not possessing a cut-and-dried code of fundamental laws, the principles of the constitution are carefully summarised, and rendered as much into Napoleonic formulæ as possible. It is curious to note how, within the present century, with the exception of Great Britain and of Russia, every nation has adopted a constitutional code, in some shape or other; and even autocratic Russia, in 1870, laid the foundation of a constitution by the Urban Law, which the Princess classes under the head of "Constitutional Preliminaries." The earliest is that of Holland, promulgated in 1815; while Turkey was the last to enter the field, in 1876. Spain, also, in the same year enacted a new code under King Alfonso; while the year previous was noteworthy for the brand-new constitutional code of France, who has tried many constitutions during the last hundred years. Four years before, her great rival, Germany, had signified the victories of the King of Prussia by making him sovereign of an Imperial as well as of a Royal Constitution. The book is clearly, and as far as we can judge carefully compiled, and

does not confine itself to the larger nations, but treats of the laws of such minor States as Baden and Saxe-Coburg, as well as of countries outside Europe. The work is somewhat bulky, but is printed in clear, legible type, and is embellished with medallion portraits of the various rulers of the world.

"The Charles Dickens' Edition de Luxe," Vols. XIX. and XX. (Chapman and Hall, Limited. Printed by R. Clay, Sons, and Taylor). The interest of the first of these volumes, which contains the "American Notes" and the "Pictures from Italy," is literary rather than pictorial, though the American scenes by W. B. Frost are humorous and characteristic. The "American Notes" aroused great wrath in the United States when they first appeared, but it is now generally conceded that this wrath was unjustifiable. It was only natural that a humorous genius should be chiefly attracted by ludicrous incidents, and Dickens seems to have been fully warranted in his more serious strictures. In the "Pictures from Italy" he was generally thought to have been rather out of his element, but there are admirable Boz-like touches, as witness the imitable account of the Davis party, progenitors of the modern Cook tourist. The second volume contains the five Christmas stories which appeared annually before the establishment of *Household Words*. Here there is a wealth of illustration by such masters as Leech, Doyle, Clarkson Stanfield, F. Stone, Maclise, and Landseer. It is quite a pleasure to see these old favourites so admirably reproduced.

A collection of minor volumes we must dismiss with but curt notice, space being valuable. Mr. Sutherland Edwards has compiled a neat little "Life of Mr. Sims Reeves" (Tinsley Bros.), which is of special interest at the moment when the great tenor is about to retire. The volume, small as it is, gives a well-written history of the singer's career, personal and artistic, and being illustrated with a remarkably good photographic portrait is decidedly worth getting.—"Etiquette books," says the introduction to "The Manners of the Aristocracy," by "One of Themselves" (!) (Ward, Lock, and Co.), "Etiquette books have always been considered subjects for mirth." So be it. But this particular "Etiquette Book" is about the dullest volume we have seen for a long time. We suppose there is a public to patronise this kind of thing, though we ourselves fail to see much use in it. Besides, the "manners of the aristocracy" are not always as refined as they might be, nor such as we should like to see generally imitated.—We have a notion that we have before noticed, in periodical form, "Model Yachts and Boats," by J. du V. Grosvenor (L. Upcott Gill). However this may be, we can safely commend the volume. It contains all that is requisite to guide beginners and others in the building and management of toys whose popularity seems increasing daily. The subject is dealt with in great detail, and the author is always practical.—We feel inclined to make fun of the "Letter-Writer's Handbook and Correspondent's Guide" (Ward and Lock), but life is hardly long enough to render it worth while. Suffice it to say that it includes "letters on every subject interesting to either sex," and that these are at least more modern in style, if not less ridiculous in matter, than such comical advice-books used to be.—The fifth edition of the "Home Book for Young Ladies," edited by Mrs. Valentine (F. Warne and Co.), requires little comment. It is a sort of dictionary of things in general, brought up to the present time, but with some rather ancient-looking illustrations, described on the title page as "original." Doubtless they were so once. A useful book for maidens great and small.—Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have added to their "Shilling Library" (a series of popular and well-printed volumes published monthly), "Our Colonial Empire," by R. Acton, and "The Wit and Wisdom of Parliament," by Henry Latchford. As we have already noticed these works at length, we need only add here that the former is full of valuable information; and that the latter affords much curious and pleasant reading.

The *Era Almanack* is, as usual, full of matter interesting to lovers of things theatrical. To the elderly playgoer the obituary is sad reading, so many names familiar to him having "passed over to the majority." The custom of publishing drawings (some of them absurdly bad) by actors and actresses seems to us rather childish, but we suppose they give pleasure. There is also a full budget of theatrical tales and anecdotes, as heretofore.

"The Five-Pound Note, and Other Stories," by Geo. S. Jealous, illustrated by A. H. Tourrier (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin).—These tales, some half-dozen in number, are intended for delivery at Penny Readings and similar entertainments, and are fairly suitable for the purpose, being bright, simple, and interesting, with a wholesome moral tone, though not at all "goody-goody." "An Artist's Story" is perhaps the best of the series.

#### THE SEYCHELLES

THE opening of the Suez Canal was not merely a boon to merchants and travellers, but brought within the pale of civilisation many countries which had, till then, little intercourse with other parts of the world. Amongst these was a small group of islands in the midst of the Indian Ocean, 4° below the Equator, and a thousand miles from any land—the Seychelles.

This little archipelago is situated to the north-east of Madagascar, between the parallels of 3° 40' and 5° 35' S., and consists of three larger and twelve smaller islands, and fifteen islets, many of the latter being mere rocks, resting on a bank of sand and coral, and of granitic formation. The larger islands are very picturesque, especially from the sea, being mountainous, and clothed with a luxuriant vegetation from the shore to the summits of the hills. Mahé, the principal island, boasts a miniature "Mont Blanc" which is about 2,000 feet high, and possesses a good harbour at Port Victoria, protected from the terrible cyclones of the Indian Ocean by the little island of St. Ann. Indian ships frequently touch here to procure a supply of fresh vegetables, meat, and poultry, and whaling vessels periodically visit these islands, since their vicinity is a favourite resort of sperm whales.

The chief industry of the Seychelles is the manufacture of cocoa-oil. The magnificent palms upon which the fruit, from which the oil is procured, grows are indigenous to these islands, although the fruit itself was known before its real place of growth was discovered; portions of nuts have been carried by oceanic currents to the Maldivian Islands and the coast of Malabar. It was called the double sea cocoa-nut, in consequence of its being cast up there by the sea, and, at that time, it was popularly supposed to be a marine fruit.

A French officer, named Barré, first discovered that it grew at the Seychelles in 1769, and it was ascertained to be a distinct genus by La Billardiére, who gave it the name *Lodoicea Seychellarum*. This palm reaches a height of fifty, and sometimes of eighty and ninety feet, and is surmounted by a beautiful crown of winged and palmated leaves, which are of great size, and occasionally measure as much as twenty feet in length by twelve in breadth. The fruit, which is generally double, sometimes triple, and even quadruple, weighs from forty to fifty pounds. In its immature state it is called by the colonists *coco tendre*, can be easily cut with knife, and has a sweet and agreeable flavour. When ripe it drops on the ground, and, being no longer fit for food, is then used for the manufacture of oil. Such nuts as are not collected, buried, or exposed to the intense heat of the sun, quickly germinate. The tree grows in all kinds of soil, on the sandy shore and upon the arid mountain tops, but the finest are found in deep gorges and damp crevices, in which decayed vegetable matter favours luxuriant vegetation. The greater number of the white population are planters engaged in this manufacture. Among the other products

of these islands are sugar, cotton, and tortoise-shell, the latter being an important article of export. The population, which consists principally of Creoles and negroes, has steadily increased. In 1864 it was estimated at 8,000; in 1871 at 11,000, and at the present time it is between 14,000 and 15,000.

Even these small islands—the largest of which measures only eighteen miles in length by six in breadth—have an eventful history. They were first discovered by Don Pedro Mascaregnas, a Portuguese navigator, in 1505, and were then given the name Isles de Mascaregnas. Picaut, a French explorer, visited them early in the seventeenth century, and then named them Isles de la Bourdonnais, in honour of M. Mahé la Bourdonnais, then Governor of Mauritius. In 1743 they were for the first time thoroughly explored, and their name was again changed into that which they now bear, after M. Moreau de Seychelles, a superior officer in the French East India Service. They were settled by the French in 1756, and the cultivation of spices was commenced there, in the hope of entering into a lucrative competition with the more easterly Dutch colonies. This would probably have been a successful enterprise, but in 1778 the French settlers burnt the plants and the greater part of the vegetation, to prevent them falling into the hands of the English.

During the French Revolution the Seychelles were chosen as a suitable place of exile for political prisoners, and many members of the most ancient families in France were landed on their shores, without any other resources than those which they were able to get by cultivating the soil. The exiles portioned out the most favourable plots of ground amongst themselves, and intermarried with the friendly natives of Mozambique. From these ancestors the greater part of the population of these islands sprang. After the possessions of the French in India had fallen into the hands of the English, the Mauritius became of great importance to France as a naval station. It has been estimated that during ten years of that war the value of British ships and merchandise captured by privateers and other cruisers from these places amounted to more than 2,500,000 sterling; at length, however, a formidable armament was sent out from this country, and they were surrendered to our arms. The Mauritius, and amongst her other dependencies the Seychelles, were definitely ceded to Great Britain in 1814 by the Treaty of Paris.

Besides Mahé, which we have already described, some of the other islands are of some extent, thus:—Fraslin contains 8,000 acres; Silhouette, which is the most mountainous, 5,700; La Digue, 2,000; and Curreim, 1,000 acres. On one of the smaller islands is a dépôt for lepers, this frightful disease being very prevalent in these latitudes. It is only to be expected that the heat here should be intense in the middle of the day, and this is especially the case in summer, which occurs in the months of January, February, and March. The evenings and the mornings are, however, generally cool, and near the shore there is nearly always a refreshing breeze from the sea. The inhabitants, however, have to take the greatest precautions against exposing themselves to the heat of the sun by always using umbrellas or sunshades, &c. Only very recently the resident chaplain at Mahé, while officiating at a funeral, having omitted for a few moments to protect himself in this way, had a severe sunstroke. The furious winds of the Indian Ocean notoriously render a safe anchorage very difficult to find, and perhaps there is none better than that which some of the more sheltered islands of this group offer. In July, 1880, however, a cyclone did great damage at Mahé, completely carrying away a school on that island.

The language of the Seychelles is a curiously corrupt French, in some respects similar to argot. Thus a common expression among the natives is *Mot ne cont pas, for Je ne connais pas*; similarly, they frequently interpolate a medial vowel, and say *gelisser* for *glisser*, *belouse* for *blouse*, and so on. These singular linguistic peculiarities deserve the attention of philologists, for no explanation of them has yet been given except the purely negative one that no mixed race ever retains purity of tongue; but although this axiom accounts for the existence of many mixed languages—notably our own—it does not explain how the pure French of the original aristocratic exiles became degenerated into a tongue similar to that which is popularly supposed to be spoken only at young ladies' academies, and by English tourists on the Continent.

W. M. C.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"PYGMALION," by Thomas Woolner (Macmillan), is not, on the whole, a satisfactory work; it might, perhaps, be classed amongst artistic and, in some degree worthy, poetical essays written by men who are not poets. The blank verse is often faulty,—one cannot stand such a line as "Incessantly repeating wave soothed him,"—the trick of inversions for the sake of an artificial rhythm is unpleasantly common,—and, finally, the old myth is irretrievably spoiled. We none of us care whether Pygmalion was or was not crowned King of Cyprus; but we all care for the romance of his statue love; and when this is abolished, in the interests of Ianthe, the story simply loses its *raison d'être*, and becomes tiresome. The book has good points, such as the sly hit at the *Aesthetes* in the description of Bacis, or the sculptor's speech on the revelation of his love; but as a whole it is not entralling either as poetry or as a romance.

The author of "Hypermnestra: a Greco-Egyptian Myth," by George Gladstone Turner (Longmans), has almost everything to learn,—first of all that nowhere outside Cockneydom can "shore" rhyme to either "law" or "awe." Also that no one has ever accused Aphrodite of being a maid. But there are some slight evidences of taste and feeling in such verses as those of "The Wedding March," and the book is, at least, a sign of straining after higher things.

The well-known "Quaker poet," John Greenleaf Whittier, has issued a volume of recent verse, entitled "The King's Missive, Mabel Martin, and Later Poems" (Sampson Low). Some of the contents are very good, though many of the pieces are of too purely local an interest to excite universal sympathy; the two poems named in the title, as well as "The Witch of Wenham," have much of the old ballad ring in them; "Red Riding Hood" is pretty and touching; and the elegy on Bayard Taylor has true pathos. But far the best is "The Minister's Daughter"—almost worthy of Wordsworth, and a noble protest against the horrors of Calvinistic dogma.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. add to their dainty "Parchment Library" a collection of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, edited, with a preface, by Mr. Andrew Lang. It is needless to praise the appearance of the book, and the editor's work has been very well done. Still we are surprised to find any English scholar claiming praise for having perpetuated Yankee atrocities in the perversion of orthography, and it is ridiculous to speak of the old legend of "Binnorie" and cognate ballads as "foolish." The estimate of the unhappy genius's character is generous, and probably a true one.

We sympathise entirely with the lady who has tried to familiarise the young with that noblest of romances, "Morte d'Arthur," in her "Six Ballads about King Arthur" (Kegan Paul). But it is not quite satisfactory that the story of Sir Tor should be so slurred; and surely the author must know that "Benwick" was not in France at all, but simply Berwick-on-Tweed, hard by Joyous Gard, i.e., Bamborough. And "The knights their tempers lost" will not do, at any price, as the last line of a ballad stanza.

"Lays from an Australian Lyre," by "Austral" (City of London Publishing Company), is evidently the work of a gentlewoman, showing taste, refined thought, and pious tenderness; beyond this we are sorry that praise cannot honestly go.

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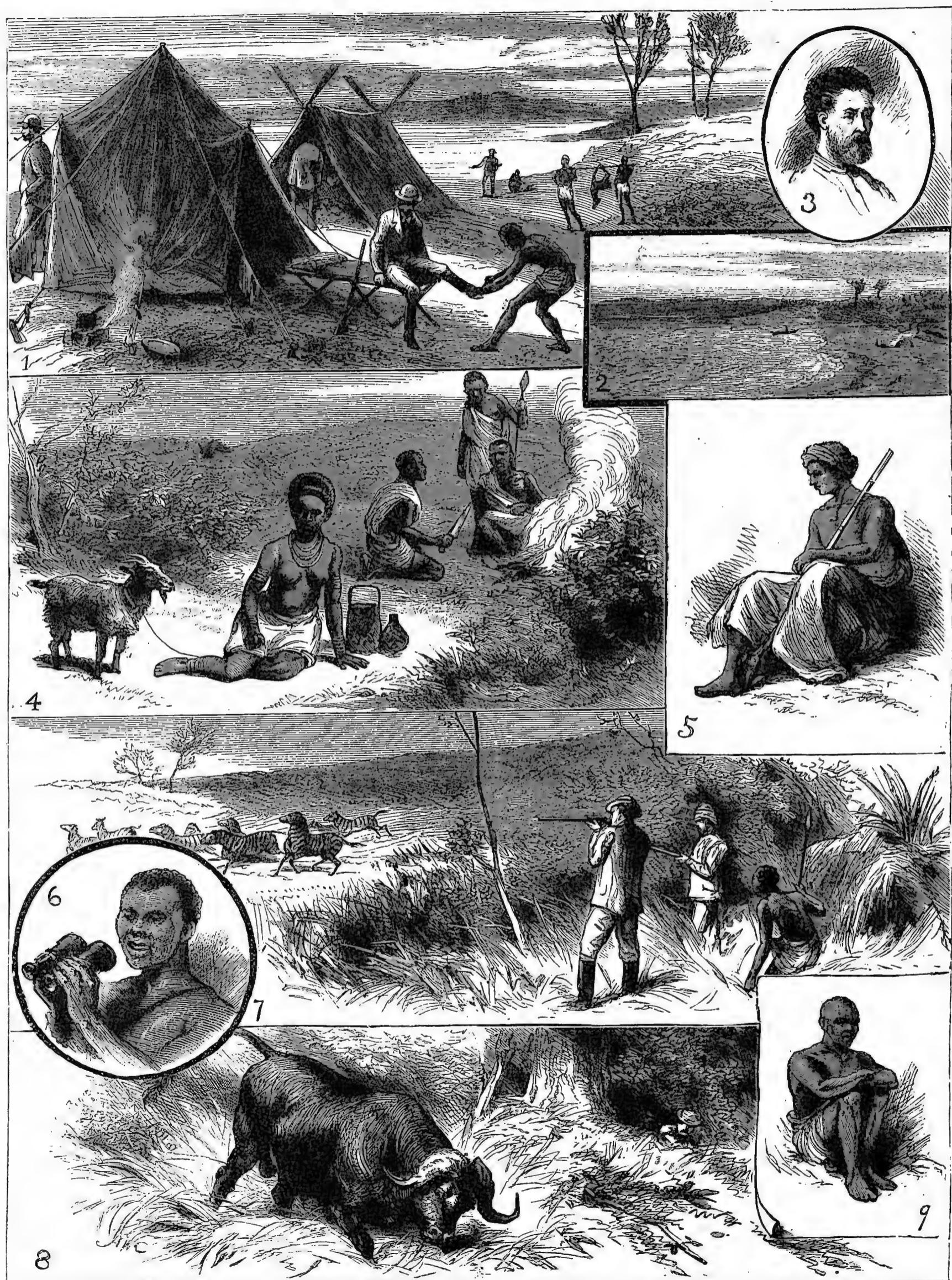
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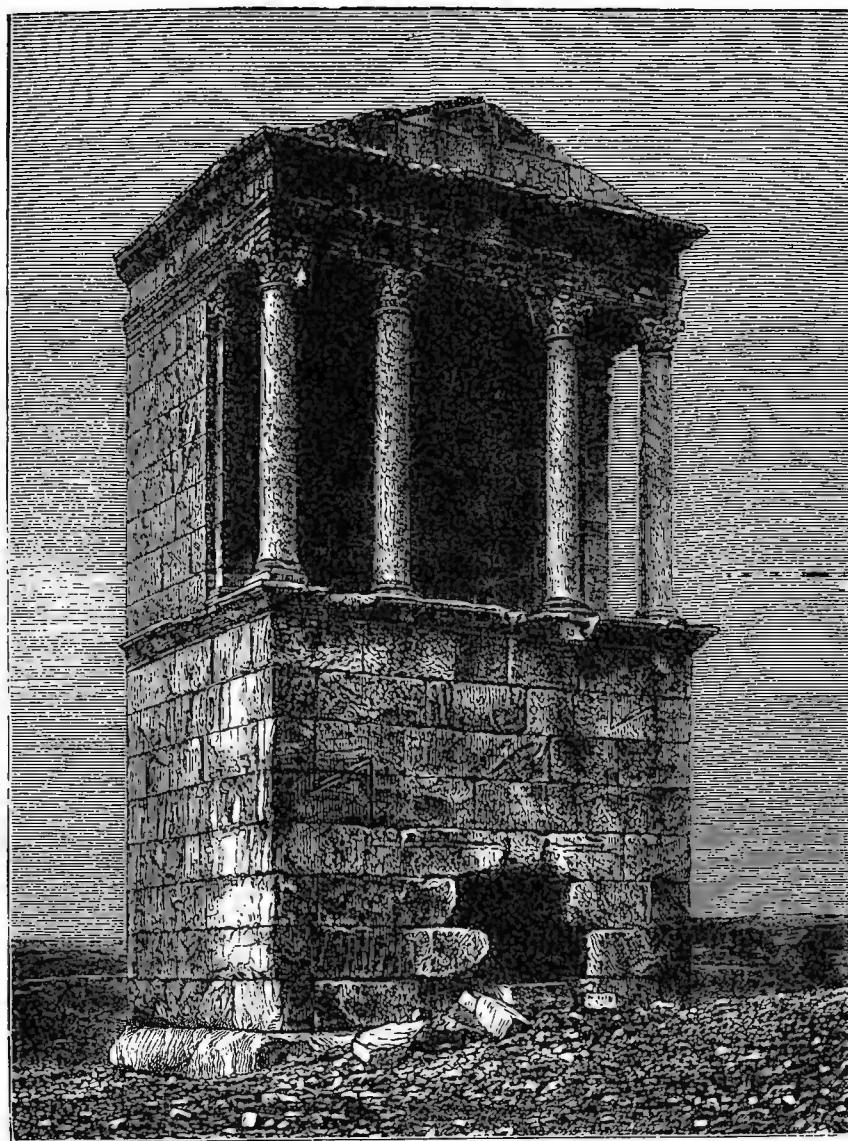
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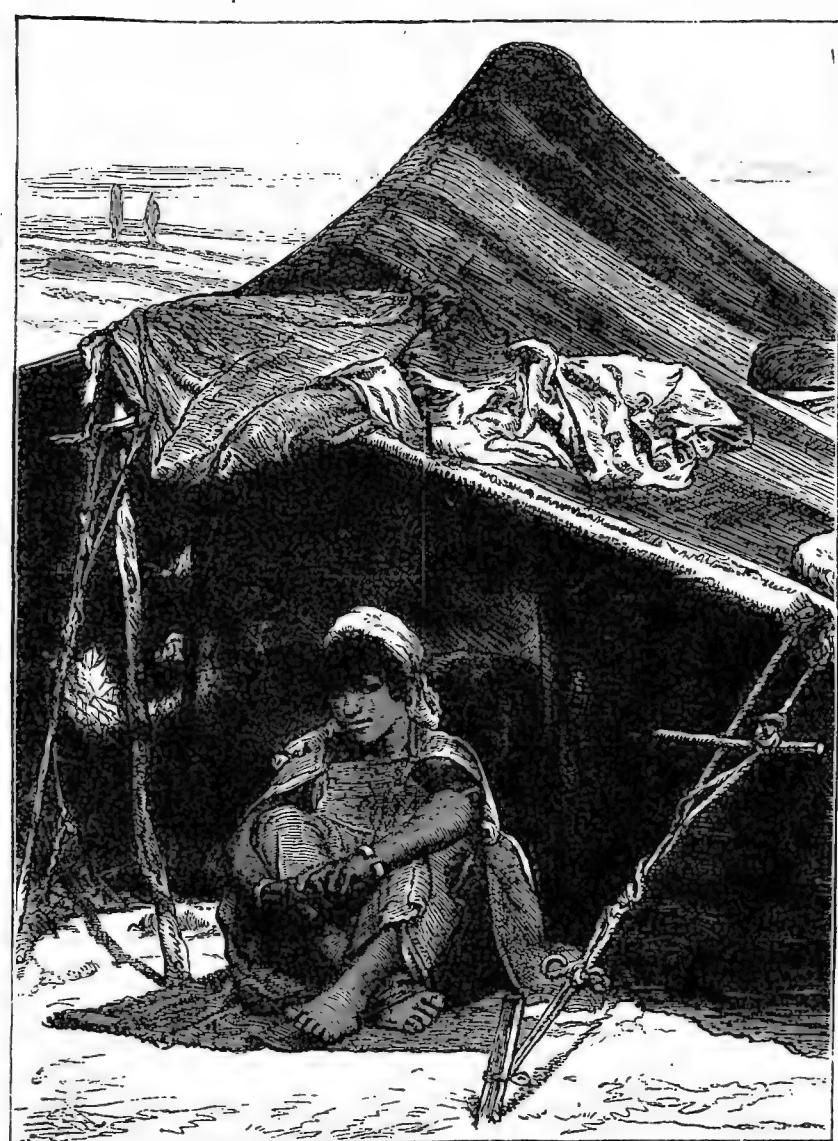
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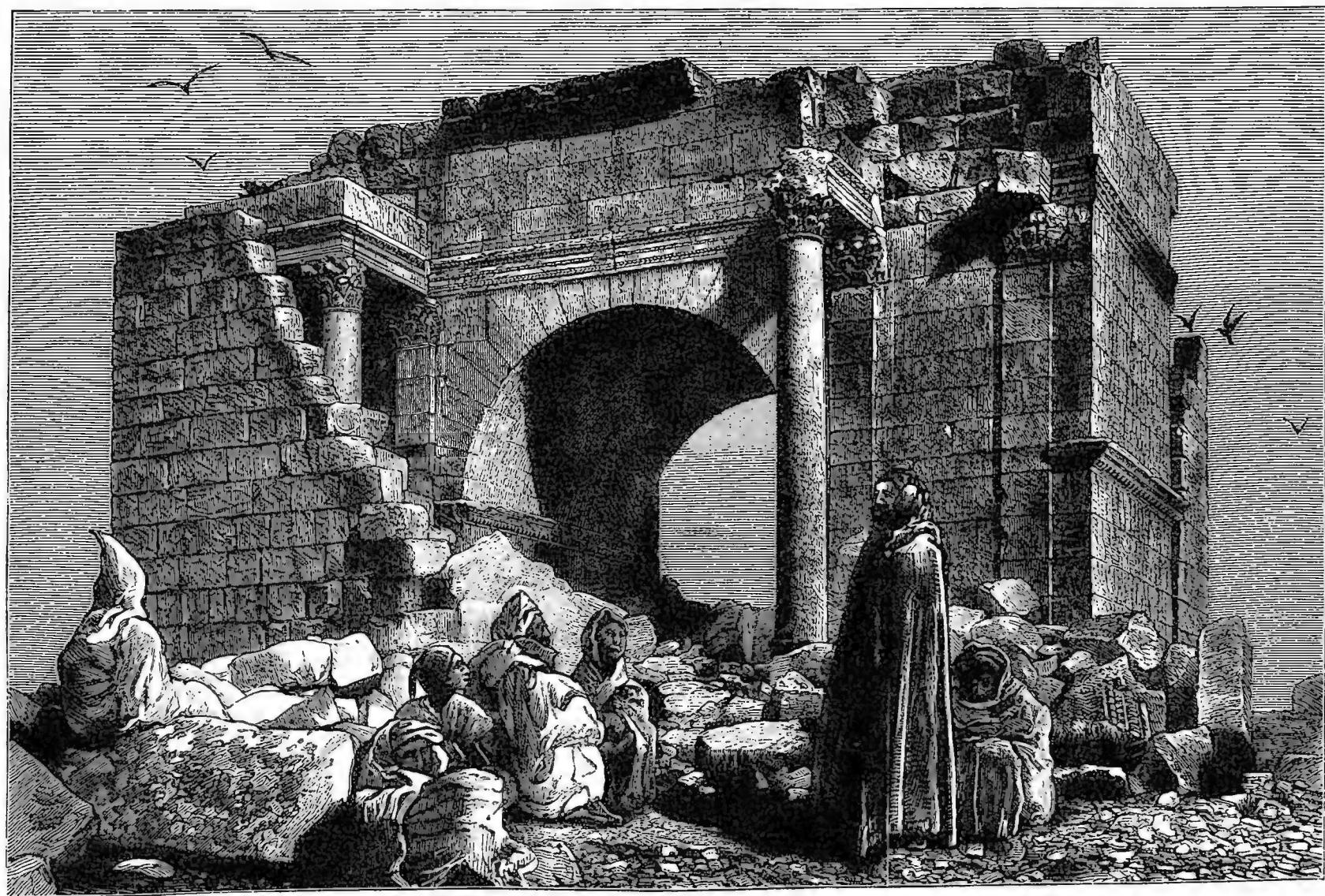
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THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TUNIS



FRANCE.—M. Gambetta has lost no time in bringing forward his revisionary measures. On Saturday he detailed the whole scheme at length to the Deputies, recalling to their minds the Ministerial declaration of last November, and the fact that the nation had demanded a revision of the Constitutional laws, inasmuch as it had elected those men whose programmes had put forth revision as their profession of faith. The salient points of M. Gambetta's scheme, when stripped of the great mass of verbiage which surrounds them, are two—namely, the restoration of *Scrutin de liste*, and a revision of the manner in which the Senate is at present elected. The system of *Scrutin de liste*, we may explain, is the election of the whole of the members of a Department by the whole of the electors of that Department, while under the present system of *Scrutin d'arrondissement* each member stands for a particular district of a Department as in England. As may be easily seen, election by *Scrutin de liste* is a great blow to the representation of minorities. The measure has always been a favourite with M. Gambetta, who has never forgiven the Senate for having rejected it last year, and it is in revenge for this that he now proposes to revise that body. Otherwise, as the newly-elected members are all staunch Republicans, there is really no reason for such a step, save, perhaps, as has been suggested, that the proposition serves, by being a constitutional revisionary measure, to help off the obnoxious *Scrutin de liste*. This last, however, will not take effect until the dissolution of the present Assembly, so that the Deputies will be safe for a few years at least. As to the revision of the Senate, at present 225 senators are elected for nine years by delegates, one being appointed for each commune, and 75 are chosen for life by the Senate itself. For the future M. Gambetta proposes that the elective delegates shall number one for every five hundred registered voters, while life senatorships shall (those already in existence excepted) be abolished. Henceforward the seventy-five shall be elected for nine years, not by the Senate alone, but by both Houses. The powers of the Senate also are to be curtailed in financial matters, and it will not be able to alter any item which the Lower House has adopted, but only to address a remonstrance to the Deputies, who can comply with it or not as they please. The only other "revisional" proposition is the repeal of the clause ordering prayers for the Assembly to be offered in the churches, "as foreign to the purposes of a constitutional law."

M. Gambetta's statement was very coldly received by the House, and except amongst his own especial partisans has excited nothing but dissatisfaction amongst all parties. By many the proposed measures are considered as absolutely superfluous in the present condition of affairs, while the Radicals do not consider that he has gone far enough, and clamour for a more sweeping scheme. Moreover a large portion of the Deputies feel that with the revival of *Scrutin de liste* they will have no chance of re-election, and certainly if the Deputies voted according to their own private inclinations the measure would be defeated by a large majority. Still, as it would be manifestly absurd to upset M. Gambetta and his Government just now, and as there is no one ready to take his place, he will in all human probability carry his propositions, though we may expect some sharp and bitter debates on the subject. The Extreme Left will probably propose the revision of the Constitution pure and simple, as they argue that the Congress of the two Houses once convened possesses unrestricted powers. M. Naquet also intends to submit various amendments to M. Gambetta's scheme.

There is little other political news. General Campenon, the Minister of War, has announced a series of army reforms, amongst which are the reduction of the term of service to three years, the formation of a matured army corps for African service, the establishment of a system of partial mobilisation for special emergencies, and the creation of a corps of fortress artillery. The negotiations for the Anglo-French Treaty of Commerce are now being carried on between Lord Lyons, M. Gambetta, and the Minister of Commerce. According to the *Times* correspondent, both sides are just now disposed to make concessions. The difficulties of detail still existing in the question of cottons, woolens, and leather are every day diminished, through compromises and the adoption of new categories. From Paris there is nothing save the production at the Variétés of a *comédie-vauville*, entitled *Lili*, by MM. Alfred Hennequin and Albert Millaud, and to which M. Hervé has written the incidental music. M. Charles Blanc, the elder brother of M. Louis Blanc, and well-known as a Fine Art critic and writer, has died at the age of sixty-eight. He was to be buried yesterday with civil rites, and as he was a member of the Academy, that body will be represented for the first time at a non-religious funeral ceremony.

GERMANY.—The *Culturkampf* has formed the chief subject of discussion, both in the Reichstag and the Prussian Landtag, which is now open. In the former, Dr. Windthorst, the well-known Ultramontane leader, has carried a motion, by 223 against 115, abrogating the Law of 1874, which prohibits the Roman Catholic clergy from exercising their ecclesiastical functions without State authorisation—a victory which has been hailed with great triumph by the Clericals, who have since entertained Dr. Windthorst at a political banquet on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. In the Landtag Prince Bismarck has not only asked for a continuation of the Law of 1880, which gives the Ministry certain discretionary powers with regard to the May Laws, but affords the King and the Cabinet still further powers, such as recognising Bishops legally deprived of their functions, and according full dispensation from the tests prescribed by the State laws. There is little doubt that all parties are getting heartily wearied of the *Culturkampf*, and that the eventual abolition of the obnoxious May Laws is only a question of time. Prince Bismarck, however, will hardly give them up without exacting a heavy price in some form or other from the Clerics.

A more pleasing Parliamentary subject is the Prussian Budget, which exhibits a surplus of £450,000, the greater part of which, it is interesting to note, is derived from the working of the railways bought by the State. It is scarcely to be wondered at, then, that Herr Von Puttkammer is anxious to make further purchases of private railways, as well as to establish new lines, various projects for which he intends to bring forward. The great army of Government officials who, from the flourishing condition of affairs, had expected an increase of pay, however, have been told that, while some provision will be made for the relatives of those who die in harness, and that more favourable retiring pensions will be organised, the general improvement in salaries cannot yet be effected, though the "further development of indirect taxation by Imperial legislation may render this possible"—a gentle hint that it would be advisable to pass the Tobacco Monopoly Bill as soon as possible. One of the most important items of the Budget, however, is a sum of 4,500/- for the salary of a Minister to the Vatican. It is briefly stated that "since the withdrawal of the Imperial Mission, a conciliatory Pope has been appointed, and consequently the reason for the suspension of diplomatic relations has ceased."

TURKEY AND EGYPT.—The joint Note of England and France, presented last week to the Khedive, as was expected, has

aroused the susceptibilities of the Sultan, who has addressed an urgent note of remonstrance to London and Paris. After declaring that nothing has happened to justify "foreign assurances" of the nature given, he affirms that Egypt is "an integral part of the possessions of the Sultan," and consequently declares that the opinion of the Sovereign Power should have been obtained previous to the step taken by England and France, and that the communication should have been made through that channel alone. He characterises the proceedings therefore as "scarcely just," and points out the "imperious necessity" of "explanations and assurances" being given, "which may relieve the Imperial Government from the difficult situation in which it finds itself in consequence of what has taken place at Cairo." The Anglo-French Note has aroused no less antagonism amongst the Egyptian Nationalist party, and is said to have caused a less conciliatory attitude on the part of the Chamber of Delegates towards the Khedive's Government. Thus a conflict has already begun between the Parliament and Sherif Pasha with regard to the powers with which the Chamber is to be endowed. Sherif Pasha proposes to give the Delegates certain Parliamentary prerogatives, but the Delegates put forward a counter scheme, claiming the right of voting the Budget, complete Ministerial responsibility, and the initiative in all laws. The Egyptian Premier declines to entertain these suggestions, and as to the first demand, the English and French Controllers-General have received strict instructions from their Governments not to countenance any concession on this point whatever. Taking all things into consideration, there are materials ready to hand for a serious explosion in Egypt, for the Nationalist party and the Sultan are of one mind with regard to resisting any foreign intervention. Moreover, the Nationalist party virtually controls the army at present, while the Sultan as Caliph commands obedience from all faithful followers of Mahomed. With regard to the European Powers, Germany and Austria have said very little further regarding the Note, Italy has growled because she was not made a party to it, while the Russian press, as usual, have seized the opportunity for launching out against England and her overweening arrogance and ambition.

IN RUSSIA the chief topics have been the Budget for 1882, which estimates the national income and expenditure at upwards of 225,000,000/-, and the forthcoming trial of the twenty-two Nihilist prisoners who are accused of the assassination of General Mezonzeff, the Solovieff attempt, the robbery of Cherson treasury, the attempt on the Odessa Railway, the attempt to blow up the Winter Palace, the actual assassination of the Czar, and various other crimes, the indictment containing which amounts to 900 pages. The Czar is said to be becoming, like his father, afflicted with settled melancholia, owing to the present condition of his empire, and to have postponed his coronation until July, until after the accouchement of the Empress. A census of St. Petersburg was taken on the 27th ult., the total population being 861,900, of whom 475,000 are males. This excess of the stronger sex is due to the law which binds peasant families to the land, and thus compels the male members who seek fortune in the towns to leave their womenkind behind them.

INDIA.—There is no noteworthy news from Afghanistan, where all is apparently quiet, although there is no lack of the inevitable bazaar gossip regarding the wicked designs of Russia, who is now asserted to be energetically pushing forward towards Herat. It is thought that a regular accredited native agent at Cabul would greatly assist the maintenance of good feeling between the Amee and ourselves. Daoud Khan, formerly Minister of War to Yakoob Khan, has been executed at Cabul by Abdurrahman.

It is now stated that the Government have abandoned their intention of reimposing the income tax; but considerable uneasiness is beginning to be felt respecting the anti-opium agitation which is being carried on in England.

In BURMAH the Viceroy has addressed a strong remonstrance to King Theebaw on the subject of the monopolies. It states that the Indian Government attaches great importance to unrestricted trade, and that this was the chief object of the treaties concluded with the late King. If the present policy of granting monopolies were continued, the King would be held responsible for any diminution of friendship between the two countries. The rumour of the King's death was false, and the King intends to ride round the city to afford a practical contradiction.

UNITED STATES.—This is the tenth week of the Guiteau trial. After the conclusion of the speeches for the prosecution, Guiteau demanded the right to make his own defence; but was refused by Judge Cox, who stated that he would in all probability abuse any privilege which might be granted to him. Mr. Scoville accordingly began his address, accusing the opposing counsel of a conspiracy to hang Guiteau, rightly or wrongly; and Guiteau published his speech—a long rambling statement filled with all his old arguments—in the newspapers. On Tuesday Guiteau again asked for permission to address the jury—a request which Judge Cox the next day promised to take into consideration at the end of Mr. Scoville's speech. Mr. Scoville, in his oration, severely denounced General Grant, Mr. Conkling, and President Arthur, as "morally and intellectually responsible for the crime." He was especially severe upon Conkling, declaring that "He shall not escape, if I can help it, the condemnation of the people for his share in that disgraceful scramble for office, which led to a conflict with the chosen ruler of this great nation, and induced this poor insane man to compass what they, and probably a hundred other politicians, if it could have occurred otherwise than by assassination, would have hailed with satisfaction—the removal of President Garfield, who stood in the way of their unrighteous and disgraceful struggle for office." Mrs. Garfield will probably be voted a pension of £1,000 a year, and a tardy act of justice will also be dealt to Mrs. Lincoln, who will now be paid the arrears of her pension, dating from President Lincoln's death.

A terrible railway collision took place last week on the outskirts of New York. One train contained several members of the New York Legislature returning from Albany, and eight persons were burned to death, including Senator Wagner, inventor of the Wagner Palace Car, in which curiously enough he lost his life. The failure of the air break and negligence in stopping a train in the rear caused the accident, the carriages subsequently catching fire from the overturning of the stoves.

A Bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives to enable Americans to purchase steel or iron steamships for trading with foreign ports under the American flag.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SWITZERLAND there were twenty-one earthquakes in December, and last week another landslip occurred in the Lower Glarus, devastating some valuable land, but causing no loss of life.—In PORTUGAL the King and Queen of Spain have been entertained right royally at Lisbon, one of the chief features of the festivities being a bull fight, the animals, according to Portuguese custom, having their horns tipped, and not being killed.—In ITALY a solemn requiem mass was celebrated in the Pantheon in memory of King Victor Emmanuel.—In AUSTRIA the rising in Dalmatia continues to excite considerable apprehension, and the Government has summoned the Delegations to consult them with regard to the reinforcements. The accounts from the affected districts are not improving.—In TUNIS Sidi Taib, is supposed to have been conspiring against his brother, the ruling Bey, has been arrested and imprisoned. There is an extraordinary and unusual snap of cold pervading North Africa just now. Many men of the Delebecque column are stated to have perished in the snow.—In SWEDEN a new mail steamer, the *Malmoehus*, suddenly sank while on her trial trip in Kalmar Sound, fifteen persons being drowned.—From

SOUTH AFRICA we have disquieting reports from Zululand, which seems to be becoming more and more disorganised, save in Dunn's territory, where all is orderly. The Transvaal Government have granted another gold-mining monopoly.—From SOUTH AMERICA comes the disquieting rumour that Chili has definitive designs of annexing Peru. However, Bolivia has made her peace with Chili, the reported conditions being that she shall surrender her coast territory, and break off relations with Peru.



THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice remain at Osborne. On Saturday the ex-Empress Eugénie and Sir H. Ponsonby joined the Royal party at dinner, and on Sunday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne, Canon Prothero officiating. Next day Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Lord Albert Seymour arrived on a visit, and in the evening dined with her Majesty, the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, the Dowager Countess of Lisburne, Lady Waterpark, Major-General Du Plat, and the Master of the Household also joining the party. The Queen and Princess Beatrice on Tuesday morning called on the ex-Empress Eugénie at Osborne Cottage, where the ex-Empress will remain a short time longer as Her Majesty's guest, not taking up her residence at her fresh home near Farnborough until spring. On Thursday the Queen and Princess were to leave Osborne for Bagshot Park, to visit the Duchess of Connaught, returning to Osborne in the evening.

The Prince of Wales concluded his visit to Lord Stamford at Bradgate Park at the end of last week, after having had good sport, and a very enthusiastic reception from the neighbourhood. On returning to town the Prince received the Roumanian Minister, who presented the Order of the Star of Roumania from King Charles, and on Saturday the Prince received the Japanese Minister in order to send his thanks to the Mikado for the reception of the Princes Albert Victor and George in Japan. The Prince also attended a meeting of the General Committee of the British Museum, and went in the evening with Princess Louise to Her Majesty's Theatre. On Monday the Prince rejoined his wife and daughters at Sandringham, and on Tuesday the Prince and Princess hunted with the West Norfolk hounds amid heavy fog.—The Prince and Princess will probably visit Bradgate in the summer to open the Technical School, while the Prince may possibly be present at the coming National Eisteddfod at Denbigh, as the guest of Sir Watkins Williams Wynn.

The Duchess of Connaught gave birth to a daughter on Sunday, and both the Duchess and her baby are doing well. The infant Princess is the Queen's twenty-fifth living grandchild.—The Duke of Edinburgh is on a tour of inspection in the North. He arrived at Aberdeen on Monday, inspected the neighbouring coastguard stations, and passed the night with the Earl of Erroll at Slaines Castle, and continued his visits along the coast on Tuesday, sleeping at Lord Saltoun's residence, while on Wednesday he visited and received addresses at Fraserburgh, Banff, Portsoy, Cullen, and Elgin, where he passed the night. On Thursday the Duke would visit Inverness, open the Town Hall, and receive the freedom of the city. From thence he will go to Wick and subsequently to the Shetland Islands, and on Monday will lay the foundation-stone of the new Town Hall at Lerwick, being present subsequently at a banquet given by the Town Council. The Duke will probably shortly escort the Duchess and children to Cannes for a brief visit.—Prince and Princess Christian have gone to Berlin on a visit to the Crown Prince and Princess, and during their stay in Germany Prince Christian will visit his family at Prinkenau.

Prince Leopold's wedding will not take place till after Easter, but the Prince may very likely escort Princess Hélène to England early next month to make the Queen's acquaintance. As the Prince and his bride will spend most of their time at Claremont, the house is being thoroughly re-decorated and improved.

The Empress of Austria was expected in England yesterday (Friday).—The Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden have gone to Cannes for the winter for the Duke to recruit his strength after his late severe illness.



THE DAY OF HUMILIATION FOR IRELAND was observed on Friday last in obedience to the Pastoral of the Episcopate of the Disestablished Church. The Archbishop of Dublin preached at Christ Church Cathedral; calling on his hearers to examine their hearts and repent while there was yet time, and pointing out that we were as answerable to God for the use of chastisement as for that of blessings. At Cork the Bishop's sermon in the Cathedral was an appeal to the people to humble themselves in God's sight, and ask for grace, mercy, pardon, and protection. The evils at present affecting the country were want of industry, want of temperance, and want of truth; and unfortunately they now saw a line separating class and class, as well as people of different religions. At Naas the Rev. Maurice de Burg, referring to the state of the country, said:—"Let us confess that in the former days of our ascendancy we bore ourselves too proudly and too harshly; leaning more on the strong arm of physical force than on the powerful and enduring influence of forbearance, gentleness, and sympathy towards those over whom we had obtained the mastery. Our religion had too much of a political cast; we relied too much on the arm of flesh; and throughout the land there was a love of pleasure of which we have for some time been reaping the bitter fruits. Perhaps this fault, more than anything else, was the seed sown broadcast through the land which is now yielding the largest harvest of sorrow."

THE IRISH CHURCH MISSION SOCIETY on Monday held a meeting for special prayer for Ireland at the offices, Buckingham Street, Strand. Sir Arthur Cotton presided; and the secretary, the Rev. H. W. Townsend, gave an account of the Society's work during the last three years, remarking that a great impetus had been given to missionary effort by the recent circulation of the Douay Testament, with notes by the late Cardinal Cullen, and Roman Catholics were able to compare this with the Authorised Version, the low price of which had led many to purchase and to read it.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has requested the Rural Deans to invite the attendance of two lay delegates from each parish to confer with him as to the feelings of the laity with regard to a Diocesan Conference, the establishment of which in London, as in nearly every other Diocese, the Archdeacon of Middlesex has long warmly advocated.

THE LONDON DIOCESAN MISSION FUND will benefit to the extent of about 100,000/- by the will of the late Mrs. Maria May

Fussell, who died on the 20th ult., 60,000/- of the amount will be available in about a year, and the remainder will come in by instalments on the deaths of certain annuitants.

**THE ISLINGTON CLERICAL MEETING.**—On Tuesday about six hundred Evangelical clergymen attended the annual meeting at Bishop Wilson's Memorial Hall, Islington. The subject for discussion was "The Importance of Clear Dogmatic Teaching," papers under the various subdivisions of it being read by the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley, the Rev. Flavel Cook, the Rev. Canon Hoare, and the Very Rev. the Dean of Ripon.

**MISSION CHURCHES FOR NOTTINGHAM.** to the number of eleven, are contemplated by a number of local Churchmen, who are about to start a fund of 60,000/- for their erection. The Bishop of Lincoln has promised to head the subscription list with 1,000/-.

**THE SALVATIONISTS** have this week been holding a "Grand Council" at Sheffield. On Sunday "General" Booth and Mrs. Booth addressed crowded meetings at the Albert Hall, and the "army" marched through the town without molestation, although they were threatened by a large mob. On Monday, however, the processionists were terribly maltreated, sticks, stones, and mud being freely used by the excited roughs, who had assembled some 2,000 strong. Some of the "standard-bearers" were dragged about by the hair and rolled in the mud; whilst "Lieutenant" Davison, "a converted wrestler," who rode at the head of the procession, received such a blow on the head that he is now lying at the hospital suffering from concussion of the brain. The police were powerless to stop the riot; but they noted two of the ringleaders, who have since been arrested.—Similar riots are also reported from Arbroath and other places.

**FATHER IGNATIUS ON THE SALVATION ARMY.**—Preaching at the opening of a series of mission services at Birmingham on Monday Father Ignatius said that the secret of success of the Salvation Army was that its members believed what they talked about. They had taken Christ at His word; and, having a mighty love of souls, would go through fire and water to win them. Therefore he said, "God speed the Salvation Army. Let them have such men as Wesley, General Booth, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis of Assisi, and then the Gospel would be a different thing from the cut-and-dried, fashionable, worldly formality which it too often was in our midst."



**MR. CARL ROSA'S COMPANY.**—Mr. Rosa calculated wisely in commencing his season with *Lohengrin*, the first performance of which, on Saturday night, may be said to have triumphantly inaugurated the great Wagner Festival. That music in London henceforth far into the summer is to be chiefly represented by the man who has talked about himself with strong inward conviction for some thirty years, and is now more talked about than any other man living and labouring in the artistic world, is plain. No wonder then that an enterprising speculator like Mr. Rosa should seize occasion by the forelock, and, with the advantages at his command, be foremost in the field. He has already this week given *Lohengrin* and *The Flying Dutchman*, on each occasion to such houses as it would do Mr. Mapleson's heart good to behold at Her Majesty's Theatre. Neither of these works was new to our stage: but the experience the public has had of testifying to the efficient manner in which Mr. Rosa presents them accounts for the eager desire to witness them again under his superintendence. Such ample accounts of the performances have appeared in the columns of our daily contemporaries that our task might be limited to that of a bare record of success. At any rate a very few details will suffice. The cast of *Lohengrin* was, on the whole, a really strong one. Herr August Schott, whose Rienzi can hardly have been forgotten, is a tenor thoroughly versed in the Wagnerian school, and, though his singing is by no means faultless, he gives a truly dignified and poetic significance to the character of the "Knight of the Swan." His voice was not in prime condition, it is true, but scarcely a phrase of the music was uttered that did not prove how deeply he felt its meaning. The always interesting Miss Gaylord, too, Mr. Rosa's justly favourite "first lady," was labouring under a similar disadvantage. Her Elsa, nevertheless, was instinct with graceful charm and gentleness, and it was only in the more trying passages (of which Wagner's music is too prodigal), that her vocal powers comparatively failed her. The other characters were on the whole most competently sustained, by Miss Josephine Yorke (Ortrud), Mr. Ludwig (Telramund), Mr. Leslie Crotty (the Herald), and Mr. Henry Pope (the King). The chorus, generally effective, sinned, here and there, through a slight unsteadiness of intonation; but the orchestra, under the able and musicianly guidance of Mr. Alberto Randegger, was nearly all that could be desired, notwithstanding the fact that the pitch being lowered to what is called "the normal diapason," may have occasioned some inconvenience to the wind-instrument players. On the whole, however, this first night was an unequivocal success, and Mr. Randegger, by the end of the performance, had fully established his right to the cordial reception that greeted him on his appearance at the conductor's desk. No applause while the performance went on was tolerated by the enthusiastic Wagnerites in the higher regions—a custom, by the way, to be unreservedly commended when such operas as those of Wagner are in question. About *The Flying Dutchman*, and the complete success of Mlle. Valleria and Mr. Ludwig as Senta and Vander Decken, we must defer speaking till next week. There was a very full house, but not so crowded as that attracted by *Lohengrin*, which was repeated on Wednesday, Vincent Wallace's unpretentious, but not the less tuneful, *Maritana* coming between the two. *The Flying Dutchman* was to be repeated on Thursday, and for last night the opera announced was *Mignon*. To-night we are to have the evergreen and inevitable *Bohemian Girl*. Balf's (to England) unknown opera, *The Painter of Antwerp*, is to be produced next week.

**MUSIC IN ITALY.**—The erection of a large hall for musical entertainments is contemplated in Milan by some wealthy amateurs, who will form a company of shareholders. At the present ebb of Italian opera, not only as regards native singers, but also (worse still) native composers, it is not surprising that the inquiring Italian mind should divert its attention to a different sphere of art. The fact that pocket editions of the quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn have, for years past, been issued, at reasonable prices, from the Italian musical press, is of itself reassuring. Other signs of hopeful augury are everywhere to be noted. The pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, by the way, are becoming, through various editions, more and more widely known, and are fast disturbing the pernicious influence of show-pieces, which have reached their highest pinnacle of absurdity in certain compositions by Franz Liszt and a galaxy of misguided satellites, revolving more or less eccentrically around him. Should a new Rossini spring up and pour forth melody after melody, for the delight of the world, he would have now a fairer chance of being appreciated—always provided that his works are carefully rehearsed and as well executed as those of the existing tribe of "masters" (so called); for—as Sir John Falstaff might have said—

"Ware execution! Execution is a great matter." And a great matter it undoubtedly is where "opera" is to be made intelligible. Wagner calls his operas "dramas," and thus ingeniously helps out his argument. Dramas they undoubtedly are, and fine dramas; but with what infinite solicitude (in Germany) are they prepared for public representation!

**MR. MAPLESON IN AMERICA.**—Mr. Mapleson's winter season of Italian opera at the New York "Academy" has come to an end. The last performance is not extolled by the critics. The opera was *Les Huguenots*, and, though the new *prima donna*, Mlle. Pauline Rossini, achieved a legitimate success as Valentine, the execution generally does not appear to have given unqualified satisfaction. The works presented since the opening have been *Lohengrin*, *Carmen*, *Faust*, *Lucia*, *La Favorita*, *Il Traviatore*, *La Traviata*, *Il Barbier di Siviglia*, and *Martha*, some of which were too frequently repeated to meet the wishes of a large majority of subscribers. On the other hand, the *Africaine*, *Fidelio*, and *Taming of the Shrew* (Hermann Goetz), originally announced in the prospectus, were non-existent, which again created signal discontent. Mr. Mapleson, however, has now started upon his tour through the States, and, though no one seems to have any expectation of hearing *Fidelio* or the *Africaine*, considerable faith is pinned upon *The Taming of the Shrew* on his return for the Spring performances. Mr. Mapleson's company, it is true, cannot boast of a competent representative of Beethoven's heroic wife, or, in fact (unless Mlle. Rossini should be found equal to the task), of Meyerbeer's poetical Selika; but, with Miss Minnie Hawk as the original and universally eulogised Katharine at Berlin, he is sufficiently well provided, and Miss Hawk's compatriots can hardly fail to applaud that which has been so highly rated in hypermusical regions. They should be proud, in short, of the achievements of their own fair representative abroad.

**WAIFS.**—It was decided by the Committee of Management for the forthcoming Birmingham Festival that Madame Albani should be invited to take the principal soprano music in M. Gounod's oratorio, *The Redemption*; and we believe, on good authority, that she consents. The gifted French composer has good reason to be satisfied.—*Lohengrin* has made its way to Venice, where, at the Fenice, under the direction of the well-known conductor, Signor Uziglio, it has been performed with success. Paris, it would seem, is destined to be last among great cities in welcoming this singularly popular work.—Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* was recently given at Leipsic, for the first time. The performance was conducted by Herr Seidl, one of the Bayreuth composer's special favourites, and appears to have afforded general satisfaction. Herr Seidl is to direct the promised representations of the *Ring des Nibelungen* at Her Majesty's Theatre.—August Canthal, the once renowned flautist, died recently in Hamburg, at the age of seventy-five.—The famous violinist, Herr August Wilhelmj, will, it is said, return to Europe from the Antipodes in the course of next summer, visiting China, India, Egypt, Greece, and Italy on his way.—Mrs. Benton, daughter of Joseph Buonaparte, whilom King of Spain, is now, according to American papers, a teacher of music at Watertown, in the State of New York.—Herr Joseffy, the well-known Austrian pianist, has returned to New York after a long tour through the States. When will this highly-extolled *virtuoso* condescend to let English amateurs hear and judge him? If we are not greatly mistaken, few of the "advanced" and "higher developed" (if, indeed, any) would be found to surpass him. His mechanism, when exhibited in its proper direction, is, by unanimous consent, prodigious.—Madame Etelka Gerster has created a lively sensation in New Orleans, more especially by her performance as the heroine of *Lucia di Lammermoor*.—The new lessee of the Teatro del Fondo, Naples, is Signor Molinari.—A new theatre has been opened at Cherbourg.—The cost of "mounting" the *Herodiade* of M. Massenet in Brussels is estimated by the local journals at 80,000 francs. At the most recent Popular Concert of M. Pasdeloup (Paris), Faure, whom we remember, introduced an air from this new opera, which, little to the credit of M. Vaucoleuil's great establishment, was first produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The air made deep impression, was unanimously encored, and is unreservedly praised by the critics.—Madame Marie Roze is engaged as one of the leading sopranos at the forthcoming Birmingham Festival.—At the Bristol Festival next autumn, under the direction of Mr. C. Hallé, one of the features will be M. A. C. Mackenzie's cantata, *Jason*. Mr. Joseph Bennett, the distinguished musical critic, is writing the words of a new cantata for the same promising young composer.—It is said that the next Preston Musical Festival will (after twenty years of abstention) be held in the autumn of the present year, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. This alone will confer upon it a special distinction.—It is rumoured, after all, that Herr Wagner will not visit England this year. Doubtless, *Parsifal* engrosses all his time and attention just now.



**THE TURF.**—Again a week's rest; and with the exception of the comparatively insignificant gathering at Tenby on the 24th, and the Carmarthenshire Hunt *réunion*, there will be nothing to chronicle in the jumping line till the Four Oaks Park Meeting on February the 8th.—A few more "entries" have come to hand since our last jottings, and strangely enough, like the Great Metropolitan, the long-distance Chester Cup shows a substantial increase, the numbers having risen from 47 of last year to 63, which were exactly the entries of 1880.—For the Liverpool Grand National the entries are 43 as against 47 last year, the race, like the Liverpool Spring Cup, having been converted into a Plater of 1,000/- Woodbrook, last year's winner, is still located in Germany, and is not entered; nor is his stable companion, Fairwind. Mr. Linde's establishment, however, is well represented, Empress (the 1880 winner), and four others with first-rate reputations being among the entries. Our Irish friends are therefore bound to show as good a front as on several previous occasions, and there will be no little difficulty in finding the real Hibernian "pea." Captain Machell has a very strong team of five, and of them The Scot and Seaman are likely to be backed by the numerous followers of this dangerous stable. Mr. L. Rothschild's Thornfield is another the public will fancy, and the Duke of Hamilton's pair, Scot Guard and Eau de Vie, are likely to be heard of. Among other new candidates we notice the names of Falmouth (at one time favourite for the Derby of 1879), Maud, Thunderstone, and T. Cannon's Boisterous, while among the veterans the everlasting and unlucky Jupiter Tonans puts in an appearance.—At a recent committee meeting of Southampton Races it was resolved that they should be abandoned, the heavy loss on the meeting last year being one of the reasons given. The New Rules of Racing and the number of fixtures at Kempton Park and Sandown were also alleged as reasons for the conclusion arrived at. It would certainly be for the interests of the Turf if several other towns followed the example of Southampton.—It appears from a calculation made that 10/- invested on each mount of C. Wood last year would have resulted in a win of 347. 10s., which is not far behind the result of a "tenner" on F. Archer's journeys.—James Hopper, the well-known Newmarket trainer, was married on Tuesday last to Miss Florence Arnold, of the Turf Hotel, Lancaster.—It may be noted

that for the Derby Bruce holds his own in the market, and that Lord Falmouth's Little Sister has recently been backed for a pretty round sum at outside prices, without weakening the position of his lordship's Dutch Oven. Marden also shows a strong tendency to advance in the quotations.—The highly objectionable practice of changing horses' names has been followed in the case of Post Orbit, who has been re-named Poste Restante, and in that of the whilom Cambridgeshire "rage," Lord Chelmsford, who has been converted into Charles V. There is some little point in the re-christening of the former; but why the latter has become Charles V. it is hardly for outsiders to guess.—The naming of youngsters so as in some way to associate them with the names of their sires or dams, or with both, is not altogether an easy matter, but certainly there is room for more cleverness and ingenuity than is ordinarily displayed in the matter by owners. Among recent fair attempts at equine nomenclature we note from some christening lists we have glanced over the following. A son of Beauclerc and Canonical has been called "Sacristan;" Adventurer and Rub-a-Dub's daughter is "Free Lance;" "Disfranchise" (why not not "Disfranchisement") is a son of Doncaster and Petition; Adventurer and Wild Myrtle claim "Travellers' Rest;" "Alluvium" has been deposited by Lowlander and Solway; "Reprise" is a daughter of Queen's Messenger; "Thunderpeal" represents Thunderbolt and Peelite; while Julius and Coup de Soleil have produced "Phaeton." "Nicotine" is an appropriate name for a daughter of Salvator and Cigarette; and Mr. J. R. Keene (the owner of Foxhall) has also had recourse to the tobacco line, and called a son of Jamaica "Potosi," after the famous cigars of that name, which, grown on the "Potosi" estate in Jamaica, are not unlikely before long to take the place of "Havanas" in the English and other markets.

**FOOTBALL.**—Matters still continue somewhat dull in the "leather-hunting" world; but it may be noted that in the Association Cup contest the Old Etonians have easily beaten Maidenhead, and naturally enough are first favourites for the trophy, though we do not mean to intimate by this expression that betting on football matches has become a practice among any classes who take an interest in the pastime. After two drawn games Aston Villa has again met Nottingham County at Birmingham, and this time has beaten it by 4 goals to 1. Eleven thousand spectators were on the ground.—Sheffield and London have met in an Association game at Sheffield, when the Londoners won by 4 goals to 2.—Two powerful teams representing Blackheath and Richmond met at Blackheath on Saturday last, and played a very tough Rugby game, which the Blackheathians just managed to win by one try to nil.—The first of the ties for the Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup (Rugby) was played on Monday last at Putney, a goodly assemblage of spectators being present, University and Westminster being the contestants. The game proved a very one-sided one; University winning by 5 goals, 5 tries, and 5 touches-down to nothing, or according to Hospital reckoning 72 points to 9.

**COURSES.**—The Altcar Club Meeting hardly fulfilled anticipations, being rather a tame affair. Earl Haddington is to be congratulated on winning the Members' Cup with Hornpipe, as most of his kennel are "out of sorts." The runner-up, Alec Slater, showed Mr. Alexander's kennel in good form. In the Croxteth Stakes Mr. Hornby was so pleased with the running of Headlong Hall that he withdrew him, with an eye probably to the Waterloo Cup, from the deciding course, and let Handkerchief run in his stead. The substitute, however, was well beaten by Mr. Hutchinson's Clyde Aston.—But though coursing generally has been rather dull of late, the Plumpton Meeting supplied a "sensation," notwithstanding the miserable entries for most of the stakes. By the way, the Plumpton authorities should remember that it is possible to have too much of a good thing, especially in an exceptionally long open season like the present, in which the supply of dogs fit to run gradually decreases. The sensation alluded to was the defeat of Princess Dagmar (last year's Waterloo heroine) in the Waterloo Trial Plate by the veriest outsider of the miserable eight entries, Mr. Logan's Leather Flapper. The Princess was certainly not trained to concert pitch, but to be beaten pointless by a mere duffer made spectators "look unutterable things." It is hardly necessary to add that after this Mr. Reilly's nomination became very "cold" for the Waterloo event. For this the market now shows Mr. Alexander again at the top of the tree. Mr. Miller continues to be well backed, and, if all goes well, will run his Middleton, while his Millington will most likely run for Colonel Owen. The Marquis of Anglesey has advanced in the quotations, and so has Mr. Stocken.—All good coursers, as well as all who knew him, will regret to hear of the death of Lord Lurgan, in his fifty-second year, at Brighton. The treble Waterloo victories of the famous Master M'Grath, in 1868, 1869, and 1871, will always hold a conspicuous place in the annals of the leash; and probably a better all-round greyhound was never slipped in this or any other country.

**AQUATICS.**—Hanlan, the Champion Sculler of the World, arrived at Putney on Wednesday afternoon last, and met with a hearty reception at the Star and Garter. He seemed to be in very good health and spirits. He will commence his preparation for his race with Boyd on the Thames, but finish it on the Tyne, where it is to be rowed.—Mr. Lambert, the President of the Cambridge University Boat Club, got his first crew together on Wednesday last, with a view to the Putney race. It was made up of six "trial-eight" men and two "Old Blues."

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—There was some good walking in the Two Hours' Match between Thatcher and Franks at Lillie Bridge, the latter taking the lead for the first half of the journey, and again walking eight miles within the hour, 59 min. 33/4 sec. being his time. But after this Thatcher forged ahead, and Franks was done with before he had quite finished his twelfth mile, and gave up the contest.—The six days' go-as-you-please contests still seem to be popular; and "Corkey" (ex-long-distance champion) has been matched for one of these bouts with Littlewood and Carless.

**LACROSSE.**—This excellent pastime seems to be spreading a little more freely among us than was the case a year or two ago. We note that the Liverpool Club has been beaten by South Manchester; and Sale by Blackley. At present there is no general Lacrosse Association, though one has been established for the Northern counties.

**BILLIARDS.**—The great match between Cook and Roberts has produced quite as much interest as anticipated, and on the three first evenings of the week the room at the Palais Royal was filled in every nook. On the first evening Roberts all but recovered the 500 points he had given Cook on the 5,000; but at the close of the second the scores were Roberts 3,335, Cook 3,037. The third bout was still more in favour of Roberts, who played superbly, and ran out a winner 1,658 points ahead of his opponent.

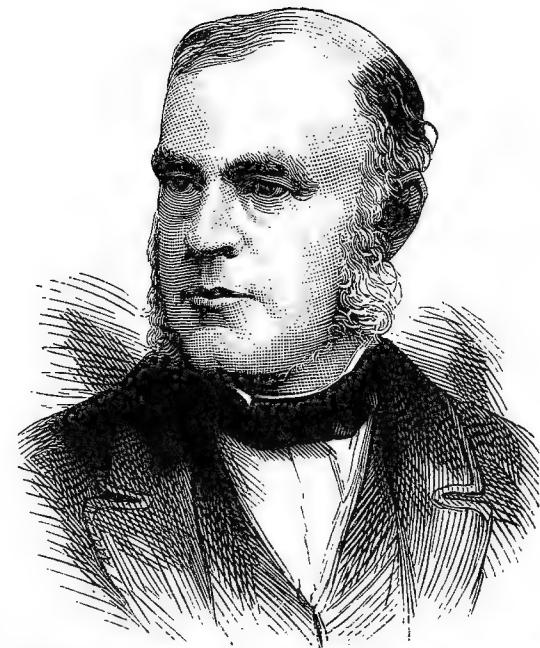
**THE MANUFACTURE OF CIGARS IN NEW YORK** occupies 25,000 persons, and the tax on cigars and cigarettes in one district alone of the city amounts to 260,000/- annually. Some 826,666,000 cigars and 229,00,000 cigarettes are manufactured during the year, although twenty years ago not more than 50,000,000 were annually made in the city, and the increase has principally occurred during the last five years. Few cigars are exported to foreign countries, but the consumption in New York is very great, and a market is found in all the large cities of the United States. The largest manufacturers produce over 50,000,000 per annum, and each factory pays a tax of 2/- per thousand for the privilege of manufacture.



SURGEON J. F. MCCREA, FIRST CAPE MOUNTED YEOMANRY  
Recently Awarded the Victoria Cross



SIR RICHARD MALINS, EX-VICE-CHANCELLOR  
Died Jan. 15, aged 77



PROF. JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER (CHEMIST AND HISTORIAN)  
Died Jan. 4, aged 70

**SIR RICHARD MALINS, P.C.,**

WHO died on Sunday last, was the son of the late Mr. William Malins, of Ailston, Warwickshire. He was born in 1805, educated at Cambridge, and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1830. He adopted the Chancery branch of his profession, and after a successful career became a Q.C., and a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1849. He sat in Parliament as the Conservative representative of Wallingford from 1850 to 1865, being twice re-elected in the interval, but he never took a very prominent part in politics. In 1866, on the retirement of the late Sir R. T. Kindersley, he was appointed Vice-Chancellor, and received the honour of knighthood. Subsequently, on the fusion of the Equity with the Law Courts, he became one of the Judges of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, a position which he held until March, 1880, when failing health compelled him to retire from the Bench, and he was appointed a member of the Privy Council. At the close of last year he was left a widower, and there is little doubt that the loss of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, hastened the result of his last illness. Sir Richard Malins possessed much shrewd common-sense and great knowledge of the world as well as great legal ability; and his constant anxiety was to deal with cases upon their actual merits rather than upon the balance of legal technicalities; therefore, although many of his judg-

ments were reversed by the Court of Appeal, he will be long remembered as the champion of moral right—an Equity Judge in fact, as well as in name, and one whose kindness of heart and unswerving integrity won for him the respect and affection of all who know him.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Cheapside.

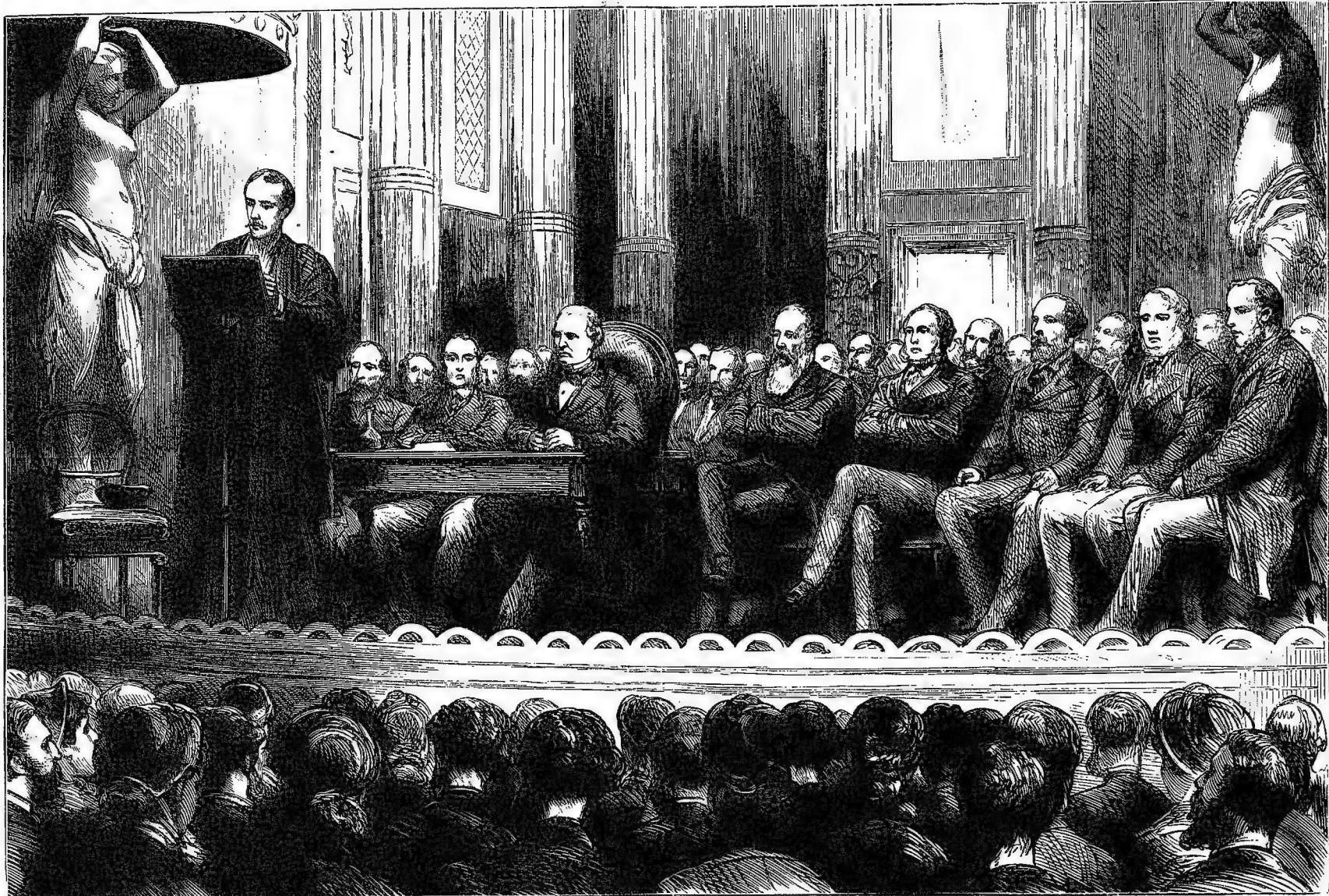
**PROFESSOR JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER,**

THE news of whose death was last week telegraphed from New York, was a native of this country, having been born at St. Helen's, near Liverpool, on May 5th, 1811. He was educated privately at Liverpool, and afterwards at the University of London, applying himself mainly to the study of chemistry and mathematics. In 1833 he went to the United States (to join some relatives who had emigrated some years earlier) and continued his studies at the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated with distinction in 1836. He was soon afterwards appointed Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy and Physiology in Hampden Sydney College, Virginia; and in 1839 succeeded to the Chairs of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of New York. In 1841 he assisted in the establishment of the University Medical College, of which he afterwards became President. Dr.

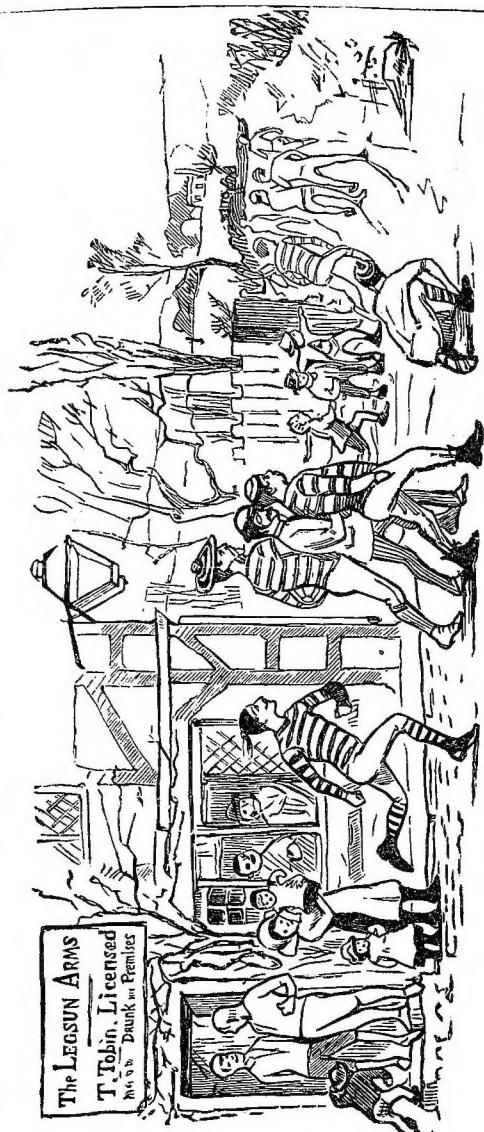
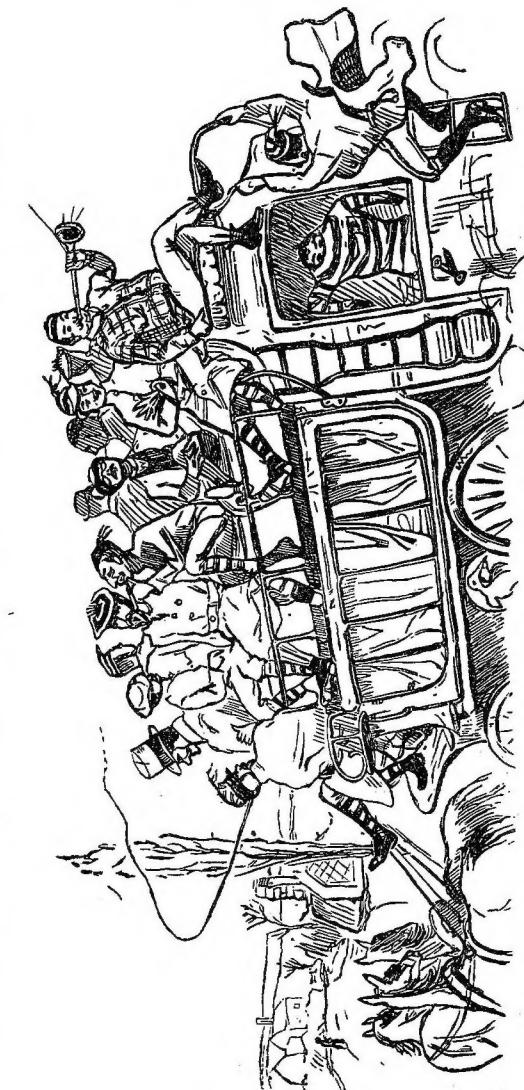
Draper contributed very extensively to European and American scientific periodicals, especially the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, and he also published a number of works, some purely scientific, and others of a philosophical and historical character. Among these may be mentioned "Memoirs on the Chemical Action of Light" (translated into French, Italian, German, Russian, and Polish); a "Treatise on the Forces which Produce the Organisation of Plants," 1844, Test Books on "Chemistry" and "Natural Philosophy;" 1846-7, "Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical; or the Conditions and Course of the Life of Man," 1856-8; "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," 1862; "Thoughts on the Future Policy of America," 1865; "Philosophical History of the Civil War in America," 1867-9; and "The History of the Conflict between Religion and Science," 1874. Two of the sons of the late Dr. Draper have also distinguished themselves in the scientific world.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mora, 707, Broadway, New York.

**SURGEON JOHN FREDERICK McCREA, V.C.,**

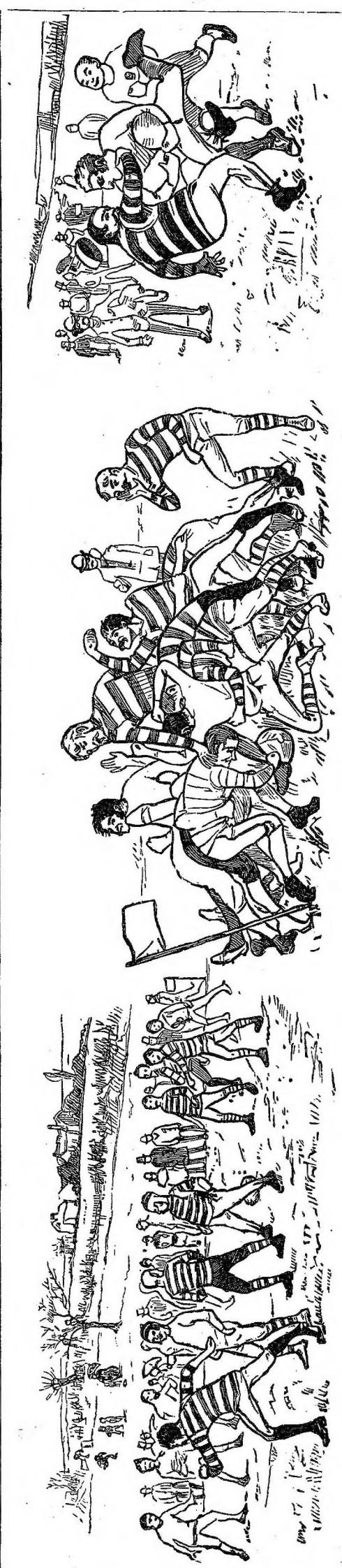
Is the son of the late Captain Herbert Taylor McCrea, 43rd Light Infantry, and grandson of the late Major Robert McCrea, 5th Royal Veterans, who served through the American War of Independence. He has been for some time attached to the Cape Mounted



THE NEW UNIVERSITY COLLEGE AT LIVERPOOL—PROFESSOR RENDALL, THE PRINCIPAL, SPEAKING AT THE INAUGURAL MEETING AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL

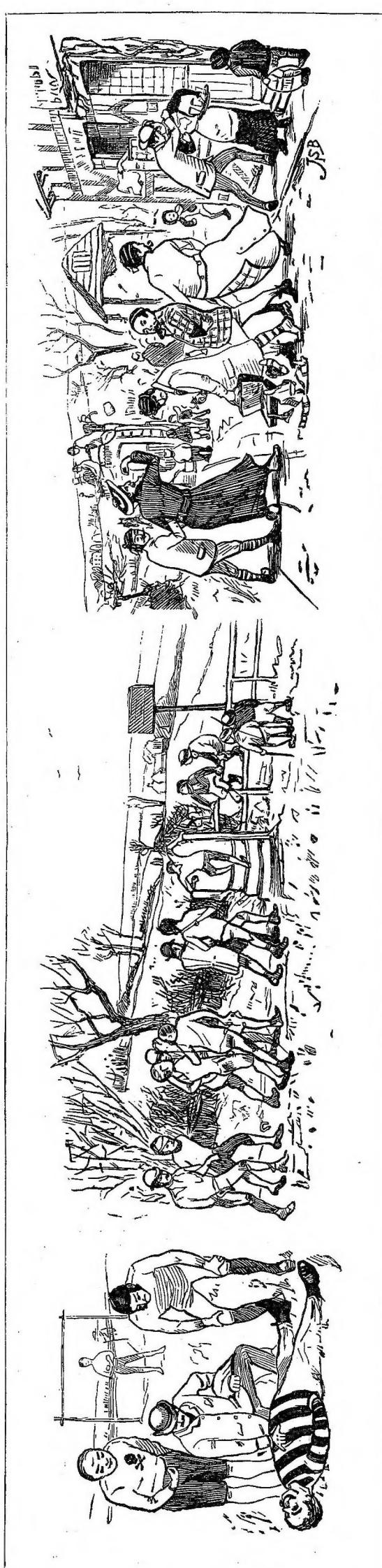
OUR DRESSING ROOM—THE "PHANTOM" CAPTAIN (*log.*), "IS THAT ALL?"

WE DRIVE DOWN



A TOUGH SCRIMMAGE—"GET YOUR HEADS LOW, 'PELicans'"

"ARE YOU READY?"—MR. DABSBIE DETERMINED TO SPRINT  
"AN ACCIDENT"—"WINDED"

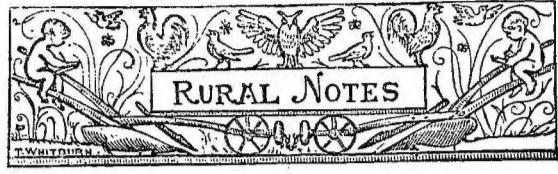


MR. CHEETEM PRACTICES WITHOUT A DIPLOMA

VICTORS

OUR GREAT FOOTBALL MATCH—"PELicans" versus "PHANTOMS"

Yeomanry, and Her Majesty has just conferred upon him the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery during a severe engagement with the Basutos at Tweesfontein on the 14th of January, 1881, when he went out for some distance under a heavy fire, and, with the assistance of Captain Buxton of the Mafeteng Contingent, conveyed a wounded Burgher to the shelter of a large ant-heap, and having placed him in a position of safety returned to the Ambulance for a stretcher. While on his way thither, he was severely wounded in the breast by a bullet, notwithstanding which, he again assisted to bring in several wounded men, and continued to attend them during the remainder of the day, scarcely taking time to dress his own wound, which he was obliged to do himself, there being no other Medical Officer in the field.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.



MR. GIFFEN, to whom *Land* refers somewhat mysteriously as "the great statistician" (*sic*), has published an elaborate computation of agricultural losses, the main object of which appears to be to show "that nothing is more deceptive than facts—except figures." His main argument is that, although we have been losing ten to fourteen millions sterling yearly for some time past by reason of insufficient harvests, yet we have gained practically as much by lower prices, and so are no worse off than before "the bad harvest cycle." In reply to this we have only to refer to the open and notorious depression of all landed and agricultural interests, to the frequent failures of farmers, and the embarrassed condition of thousands of those who live by the land.

**LAND TRANSFER.**—Conveyancers are mostly quiet and studious men who go their way in peace and keep aloof from the controversies of the day. Were they more accustomed to bandy words in the political arena, they might retort on those who assail them for the exceeding costliness of land transfer, by pointing out how large a proportion of costs goes on Government stamps and requirements. In a recent case, a transfer of an estate worth £15,000/- cost £28/-, and of this the Government duty alone was 75/- If land transfer is to be cheapened, the loss of these stamps and charges will have to be made up in some other form of taxation, probably by some impost falling on the mass of the people instead of exclusively affecting the well-to-do purchasers of estates. If we ask why a money penalty is to be exacted from a man because he buys or sells land, we can only receive one answer, and that the somewhat illogical one, that "Revenue must be made up somehow."

**THE FARMER-BREWER.**—Can a farmer, occupying a house assessed at more than 20*l.*, brew beer for his labourers free of duty at a house assessed at less than 10*l.* on an off-hand farm? Mr. Brown, of Braintree, farmer, thought that he could, but he has found out his mistake at the cost of a Government prosecution. An appeal would, we fear, be of little use. What is needed is an Act to amend the Licensing Act, by which the brewing of beer by a farmer should not entail any duty so long as the beer so brewed is not sold, that is, so long as the farmer does not presume on his privilege to take up the trade of a brewer. Mr. Gladstone's recent changes in the malt and beer duties must be regarded as merely tentative, and there is already a general cry for legislative amendments thereto.

**LOCAL TAXATION.**—The Prime Minister has consented to receive a deputation from the Central Chamber of Agriculture on this important subject on the 31st of this month. The deputation, which will be of a thoroughly representative character, will include several members of the Legislature as well as the delegates of the provincial Chambers of Agriculture. The unanimity with which agricultural bodies throughout the kingdom have agreed in demanding a revision of local taxation makes the application one which no Government can afford to ignore.

MR. GLADSTONE has performed another remarkable feat in speech-making. He has succeeded in delivering a long address on agricultural depression without once referring to American competition. Playing *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince of Denmark omitted must have been easy as compare with this. Mr. Gladstone said that the present system of land transfer must be simplified, though he omitted to point out how such simplification would enable a farmer to obtain remunerative prices for his wheat and cattle. As regards local taxation the Premier's views appear to have undergone some modification, and a relief to local burdens is foreshadowed. Of this we are heartily glad, though whether an increased Succession Duty is the way to make up the money needed is a very moot point.

**RENT REDUCTIONS.**—Among the landlords who have recently allowed "something off" their agricultural rents have been the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., 10 per cent.; the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, 10 per cent.; Sir Charles Russell, M.P., 20 per cent.; Mr. Gore Langton, 10 per cent.; Mr. H. C. Vernon, 10 per cent.; Mr. James Beech, 20 per cent.; Lord Heytesbury, 15 per cent.; Sir John Hardy, 10 per cent.; the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., 25 per cent.; and Sir Robert Aylett, Bart., 10 per cent. Landlords do not seem to think the times are mending at any rate. It need hardly be pointed out that our great landowners can only make these reductions under one of two circumstances. Either they are accumulating mortgages on their estates, or they are spending less money, and therefore diminishing their support to classes non-agricultural, in order to afford timely aid to their farmer friends.

CORNWALL is not wholly unprosperous, whatever other agricultural counties may be. A small dairy farm of forty-five acres at Calenick, near Padstow, has just been re-let by tender, and Lord Robartes, who previously had obtained 45*l.* a year rent, is now able to close with an offer of 90*l.* a year. Whilst writing of the Royal Duchy we may mention that the Duke of Bedford has just contributed 500*l.* towards the money needed for pushing through Parliament that North Cornwall Railway Bill against which we had occasion to protest some time since. We are somewhat surprised at His Grace encouraging a plan to drive the iron way through one of the few sequestered nooks in England whither jaded men may still resort for a little peace; but, after all, what else was to be looked for from the stern preserver of "Mud-Salad Market?"

**THE MISREPRESENTED MOLE.**—Who is there among dwellers in the country who has not seen dead moles hanging on sticks in the fields, or has not heard of farmers paying money for their capture? A correspondent, however, suggests that farmers may have been making a serious and cruel mistake. "I have had," he says, "a field of wheat full of moles all the year without doing it the least possible injury; but, on the contrary, I verily believe that up to harvest they did my crop good. Again, it is said moles eat seed corn, but this is a great mistake, for I have examined the stomachs of scores, but never found a single grain of corn in one of them. I believe 60,000 bushels of seed corn are annually destroyed by wireworms." The mole, of course, is a great enemy to this subterranean pest.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Foot-and-mouth disease has broken out at Bootle in Cumberland.—The value of 100*l.* tithe rent charge for 1882 is 102*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.*, being rather below the average since the

Tithe Commutation Act, which has been 103*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*—Mr. C. S. Read contributes an agricultural article to the East Anglian Handbook for 1882. This contribution, which hardly attains a customary standard of interest, is mainly directed to showing the extent of East Anglian harvest losses in 1881, and to warning farmers not to be too hopeful as to times being about to mend.—Mr. Dawnay, in an election speech the other day, avowed himself in favour of a 5*s.* duty upon imported corn. Both Mr. Rowlandson and Mr. Dawnay favoured distress for rent being limited to a single year's arrears.



**THE LUNACY LAWS.**—At a meeting of the Law Amendment Society on Monday Mr. A. E. Miller, Q.C., read a paper advocating the speedy reform of the Lunacy Laws. He said that our present system of treatment offended more against the fundamental principles of personal liberty than any other part of our judicial system, for there was no man or woman in England who was not liable to be shut up for life, without power of appeal, if only any one were sufficiently interested in getting him out of the way to make it worth his while to secure the services of two reckless, needy, or ignorant practitioners; and the confederacy of the keeper of a so-called lunatic asylum. Mr. Miller suggested that all inquiries into the sanity of alleged lunatics should be held in public before a competent judicial officer, assisted either by a jury or by sworn medical assessors; that none but sworn evidence should be taken, and that all the witnesses should be liable to cross-examination. Pending such inquiry, the alleged lunatic, if violent or dangerous, might be detained, but only under a magistrate's warrant, based on sworn depositions, which should not be valid for more than seven days, unless the inquisition were commenced within that time; and, further, that failure to carry on the proceedings should be conclusive evidence against the person obtaining such a warrant, if the alleged lunatic was advised to bring an action against him for false imprisonment. In the discussion that followed Dr. Mortimer Granville said that twenty years' study of the subject had convinced him that there was no good evidence of malpractices on the part of medical men, and that the proprietors of private asylums often discharged their patients too soon, for fear of being accused of unjustly detaining them. Dr. Wood denied that lunatics were ill-treated, and denounced the suggestion that inquiries should be public, as likely to be prejudicial to both the lunatics themselves and to their relatives.

**MESSRS. CLOWES AND JOHNSON.**—The Staffordshire farmers who were erroneously convicted of assaulting the man Brooks, and who have already suffered two years' penal servitude out of the ten to which they were sentenced, have been set at liberty, and conveyed to their homes, clothes and money being given to them for the journey. The action of the Home Secretary was commendably prompt, and the award of some substantial compensation by Parliament ought to follow as a matter of course. Perhaps it is too much to hope that the absurd "free pardon" may be abolished for a "justification" declared with proper solemnity in a Court of Justice.

**THE ST. PAUL'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.**—At the meeting of the London School Board last week, after a somewhat stormy debate, it was resolved simply to acknowledge the receipt of the Home Secretary's letter, stating that the Public Prosecutor had decided that the evidence with regard to St. Paul's Industrial School would not support a criminal charge. Mr. Gover obtained leave to submit a motion ordering the Special Committee to continue their inquiry. It is said that Mr. Scruton is about to commence an action for libel against one of the persons who have made charges against him.

**DANGEROUS EXHIBITIONS.**—At the Lewes Assizes last week the grand jury threw out the bill against the proprietors of the Oxford Music Hall, Brighton, and Ling Look and his wife were tried for manslaughter and acquitted. This can hardly be regarded as a failure of justice; yet it is to be regretted that we have not in each town of the kingdom some official censor of public exhibitions, whose duty it should be to stop any display which he considered dangerous to either the performers or the spectators.

**THE ENGLISH SLAVE BOYS.**—The mother of one of the unfortunate boy-acrobats having sworn an information stating that he was taken out of England without her consent, and that she has not heard of him for more than three years, Mr. Flowers has issued a warrant against Hadji Ali Ben Mohamed for child-stealing. It is to be hoped that the police may be able to find and bring him before the magistrate, and it would be well if the rascally "agent" could be placed in the dock by his side.

**THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.**—The mother of one of the sect, resident at Plumstead, having been committed for trial for the manslaughter of his young son, whom he had suffered to die of small-pox without calling in medical aid; the laying on of hands by an "elder" being considered sufficient. During the inquiry it was incidentally stated that while the child lay ill Morby and his nephew went to and from their work regardless of the danger of infection.

**A PROTRACTED SUIT.**—In December, 1878, a journeyman painter was knocked down and killed on the South-Eastern Railway while attempting to cross the metals at Farleigh Station. His widow brought an action against the Company, and got a verdict for 900*l.*, but on appeal a new trial was ordered, the result of which was a second verdict in her favour, the damages being reduced to 700*l.* The Company, however, has again appealed, and obtained a rule for a third trial, upon the ground that this verdict, like the first, was against the weight of evidence, which they contend proves "contributory negligence" on the part of the deceased.

**NORDEN v. NORDEN.**—The Court of Appeal (the Master of the Rolls and Lords Justices Brett and Holker) have confirmed the curious verdict given in the Queen's Bench Division in this case. It will be remembered that the defendant denied having signed a marriage settlement, and accused his own father of having forged the signature; and the jury found that he had signed it, but had forgotten having done so.

**A LONG-LOST HUSBAND.**—Of the many real-life versions of Enoch Arden that just reported from Great Yarmouth is certainly not the least curious. Some twenty-eight years ago a man named Bernard Vince left his wife and three young children, and went to Australia. Nothing was afterwards heard of him, and he was supposed to be dead; but it now appears that he returned to the town three years ago, and dropping his surname set up in the boot trade, remaining unrecognised until a few days ago, when the wife went into his shop to make a purchase, and made the discovery.

**CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.**—does not seem to be punished with Draconian severity by the magistrates of Longton, who the other day imposed a fine of five shillings and costs upon a brutal fellow, who, having lost a pigeon in a sewage drain, tried to recover it by stripping his son, aged nine, binding his arms and legs, and then forcing him head foremost down the pipe.

**THE ATTEMPT TO UPSET A TRAIN.**—The attempt to upset a train on the London and North-Western Railway in November last was brought home to the suspected platerlayer, William Dean, at the Bedford Assizes; and

Mr. Justice Hawkins, in passing sentence of eight years' penal servitude, remarked that he had been found guilty of a most diabolical offence.

**BURGLARS' THEOLOGY.**—The other night a policeman captured a man in the act of breaking into some premises at Blackheath. A revolver was found in his possession, and when this was taken from him he remarked, "I intended to give shot for shot. God made us all; some for policemen, some for thieves. You do your best, I do mine."—Another depredator, who has been living at Forest Gate as a "gentleman," when arrested the other day, remarked, "If I have gone so far as to pass the help of man, I have God to defend me."

**CENTRALISATION OF ART TREASURES A BLUNDER.**—The announcement of the magnificent and artistically valuable bequest by Mr. John Jones to the South Kensington Museum suggests some not altogether pleasant considerations on the evils resulting from an unintelligent policy of centralisation which appears inseparable from all our efforts to spread Art education through the country. It is, of course, both right and necessary in the highest degree that the metropolis of our vast Empire should possess storehouses of Art which should be the best of their kind; but it is surely a mistake to crowd all the most valuable and interesting objects of industrial skill and aesthetic grace into one or two buildings, however large and otherwise worthy they may be. Yet this is pretty much the condition of things at the present moment. It is true that the establishment of museums and permanent exhibitions, sometimes of considerable importance, in the provinces has done much to remedy a great evil; but the fact remains, that both at the British Museum and the National Gallery there are literally tons of treasures of great educational use lying hidden away from sight, which might very advantageously be removed to some of our large towns and cities, where they would serve the purpose for which they were given to or bought by the nation; whilst at South Kensington the very immensity of the accumulation of objects is in itself bewildering to the ordinary visitor, and moreover increases the difficulty of access which the student is doomed to suffer. Now it is very clear that the splendid collection of porcelain, furniture, miniatures, enamels, pictures, and miscellaneous objects of Art which has just been presented to the nation, and which is valued, we are told, at half a million of money, must have adequate space for its proper disposal, if it is to be of any use or pleasure at all; and in this matter the authorities naturally incur a heavy responsibility. There really seems no reason why many, not only of these things, but also of the other objects at South Kensington, should not be removed, and placed permanently not only in other parts of London, but also in some of the provincial Art museums, where they would do incalculable service. There are no doubt difficulties of law, and conditions of historic arrangements, red tape, and prejudice in the way of such a scheme; but the question is one that cannot long remain unsettled. It forms, indeed, a part of that greater, more delicate, and perhaps more necessary scheme for the formation of a large Government Department, and the appointment of a properly-qualified Minister of Fine Arts and Education for this country, having the supreme control of all matters of this kind, and several others as well, which, though really of the utmost importance, are at present hopelessly neglected. Then, and not till then, perhaps, we may expect to see something like intelligent reform. How long shall we have to wait?

**THE BRITISH FINE ART ACADEMY AT ROME** seems in a fairly flourishing condition. The property yields some 160*l.* annually, and there are fourteen English working students on the books besides six Italians.

**A "LYING" COMPETITION** was recently inaugurated by a Transatlantic contemporary, which offered a year's free subscription to the paper for the best "lie" of the day of from four to eight lines, intended for the Christmas number. The prize was to be decided by a committee.

LIVING IN PARIS grows dearer every year, and diners-out are grumbling loudly at the increased prices of the restaurants. The wine, in particular, is much poorer in quality than it used to be; while the bottles get smaller, and the Paris authorities intend to prohibit the restaurants from providing bottles holding less than a fixed quantity.

THERE ARE OVER 6½ MILLIONS OF JEWS IN THE WORLD, of whom 5½ millions live in Europe. Roumania contains the largest number in proportion to her inhabitants—7·44 to every 100; Russia follows with 3·57, Germany has 1·22, and Great Britain 0·20 to every 100 inhabitants.

**BLACK WALNUT WOOD IN AMERICA** is being widely superseded by black birch, which can be stained to resemble walnut, and polishes well. Considerable numbers of birch trees grow in Ontario and the Northern regions, and as the wood is not only heavy and solid, but cheap, it is being largely exported for furniture-making. It resembles cherry wood in colour.

**TUNNELLING MOUNT VESUVIUS IN SEARCH OF PETROLEUM** has been proposed by an Italian who has lived for many years in America, and has imbibed adventurous Transatlantic notions. He considers, according to the *American Register*, that the causes of the volcanic forces of the mountain are similar to those which produce the gas in the oil-bearing regions of the United States, so that by tunnelling the mountain it would be possible to tap the beds of oil which are lying beneath the crater, and which, set on fire by electricity, force out the lava. Thus, not only would a valuable yield of oil be obtained, but an effectual stop would be put to all eruptions and earthquakes in this region. Signor Passaponti declares his plan to be favoured by eminent geologists and engineers, and is getting up a company to work it out. What will Professor Palmieri say?

**A SOLITARY WIGEON ANNUALLY SPENDS THE WINTER IN THE CALCUTTA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,** taking up its quarters in the rhinoceros enclosure, and being unusually bold and friendly. It arrives early in November and leaves in February, flying off in the direction of Lobnor, in Eastern Turkestan, where the Russian explorer Prejevalsky relates that large flocks of these birds inhabit the reedy marshes. Very few wigeons are ever seen so far south as Calcutta, and as the species are not natives of India, and are gregarious in their habits, the appearance of this solitary bird is all the more curious. It must have a difficult homeward journey of several thousands of miles, but as a sign of unerring instinct it has been noted by the Russian traveller that all these migratory water fowl are keen to choose the easiest route to and from their habitation, carefully avoiding the lofty and cold Thibetan highlands.

**THE VALUE OF METEOROLOGICAL WARNINGS** has been thoroughly tested during the late stormy season in the China Seas. There the "typhoon season" lasts from the middle of June to the middle of October, and is commemorated amongst seamen by the following doggerel. "June, too soon; July, look out you may; August, look out you must; September, remember; October, all over." Last year the weather was unusually violent, but thanks to the storm warnings given by the Manilla Observatory, we learn from the *Japan Weekly Mail* that a large number of vessels and lives have been saved. The news was published so promptly that vessels ready to start from the various coast ports were able to take precautions in time, and on the only occasion when much damage was done by storm in the neighbourhood of Hong-Kong, the disasters were chiefly due to the obstinacy of local junk-owners and boatmen, who refused to pay any attention to the warning.

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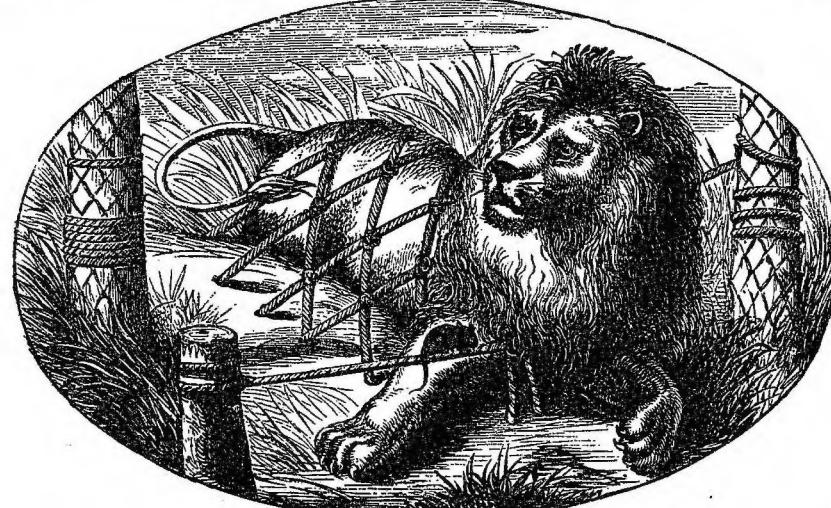
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